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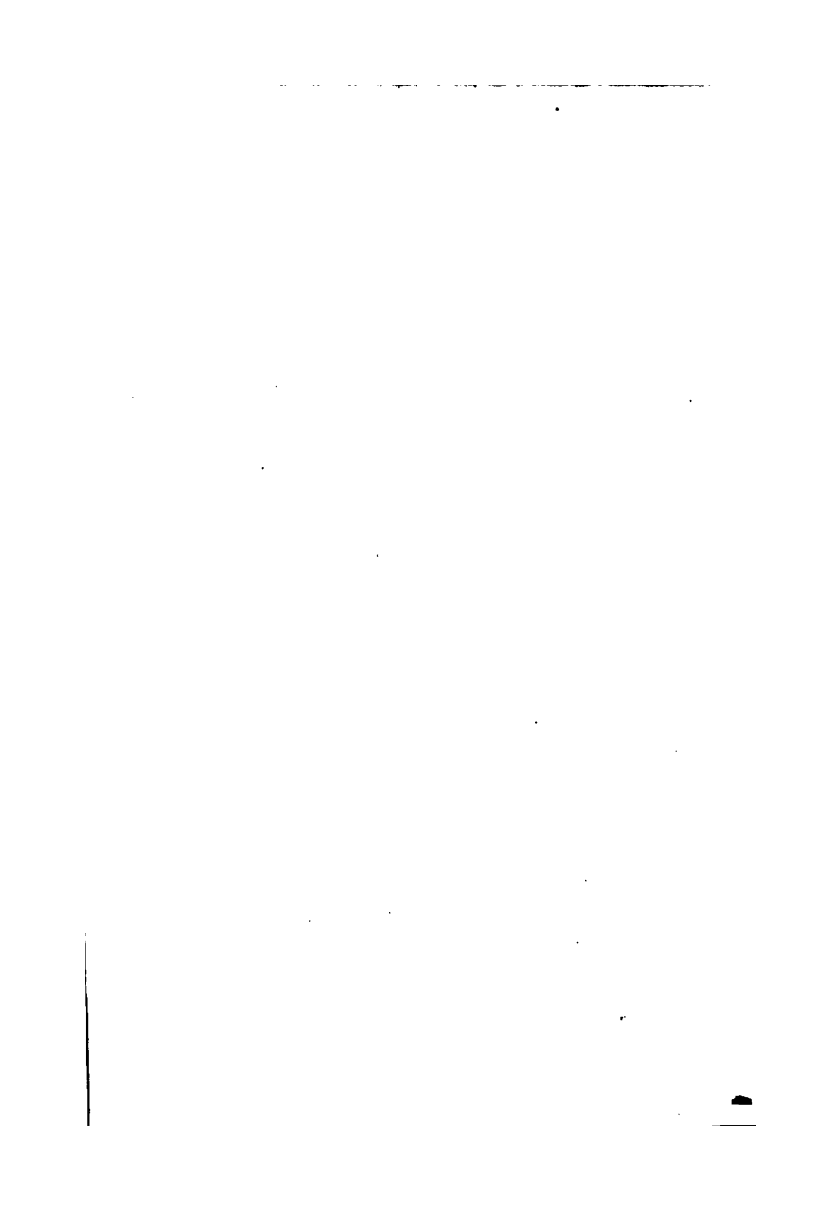
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HYMNS

FOR

PUBLIC WORSHIP,



USED IN

St. Paul's Church, Camden New Town;

SELECTED AND CONTRIBUTED

BY THE

REV. A. R. G. THOMAS, M.A.

SECOND THOUSAND.

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FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

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HYMNS.

1.

SABBATH NEW.

Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress !
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

Bold shall I stand in thy great day,
For who thy ransom dare gainsay ?
Fully absolv'd through thee I am
From sin and curse, from guilt and shame.

When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
E'en then, I shall have but one plea,
That "Jesus liv'd and died for me."

2.

ST. ANN'S.

God is a Spirit, just and wise ;
He sees our inmost mind ;
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.

In spirit and in truth alone
We must present our prayer ;
The formal hypocrites are known
Through the disguise they wear.

Lord, search our thoughts, and try our ways,
Thy heavenly grace impart,
And grant us now to pray and praise
In singleness of heart!

3.

VIENNA.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God ;
He whose word can ne'er be broken
Form'd thee for his own abode ;
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose ?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou art safe from all thy foes.

Here the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all dread of want remove :
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows, their thirst t' assuage ?
Grace, which like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age !

Saviour, if in Zion's city
Thou record our worthless name,
Let the world deride or pity,
We may well endure the shame ;
Fading is the sinner's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show ;
Solid joy and lasting treasure,
None but Zion's children know.

4.

ANGEL'S HYMN.

Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man asham'd of thee?
Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!

Asham'd of Jesus, that dear Friend
On whom our hopes of heav'n depend!
No; when we blush, let shame prevail,
That we so much in rev'rence fail!

Asham'd of Jesus!—Yes, we may
When we've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no souls to save.

Till then—nor is our boasting vain—
Till then, we boast a Saviour slain;
This only glory by us claimed,
That he is not of *us* ashamed.

5.

BELMONT.

O LORD, our best desire fulfil,
And help us to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And yield our own to thine!

Why should we shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids our fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away our tears?

Wisdom and mercy guide our way,
Shall we resist them both?
We, the blind creatures of a day,
And crush'd before the moth!

But ah ! our inward spirit cries,
Still bind us to thy sway !
Else the next cloud that veils our skies,
Drives all these thoughts away.

6.

NEW CAMBRIDGE.

SALVATION ! Oh, the joyful sound !
Melodious to our ears ;
A sov'reign balm to every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

Rep.

Buried in sorrow and in sin,
In death's dark gloom we lay ;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

Salvation ! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around ;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound !

Salvation ! O thou bleeding Lamb !
To thee the praise belongs :
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues !

7.

ST. JAMES'S.

DEAR Shepherd of thy people, hear,
Thy presence now display ;
As thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray !

Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise ;
And pour thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise !

Within these walls let holy peace,
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease;
The wounded spirit heal!

8.

WAREHAM.

AND do we hope to be with Him
Who on the cross resign'd his breath,
Who died, a victim, to redeem
His people from eternal death?

Then should the question oft recur,
What do we more than others do?
How do we show that we prefer
The things above to those below?

As pilgrims on their journey home,
'Tis thus believers should be found,
Who seek a city yet to come,
And cannot rest on earthly ground.

'Tis thus the ransomed prove their birth;
'Tis thus they glorify their Lord;
To others they resign the earth,
And hasten to their bright reward.

9.

EATON.

O BLESSED Comforter! now come;
Induce the peace thy grace imparts;
Fix thou in us thy constant home,
And take possession of our hearts:
Thus, make our souls thy loved abode,
The temples of indwelling God!

Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Attest that we are born again;
Come, and baptize us now with fire,
Nor let us seek thy gifts in vain.
Grant us a sense of sin forgiven,
A pledge that we are heirs of heaven!

Grant us the well-attested seal,
Which marks and ascertains us thine;
That powerful stamp we long to feel,
The signature of love divine;
Oh, shed it in our hearts abroad,
Fulness of love, of heav'n, of God!

10.

ARABIA.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign :
Unfailing day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain. } *Rep.*

Lo! rising from the swelling flood,
Th' eternal hills are seen;
And thus the promis'd land was view'd,
While Jordan roll'd between.

Oh! could we but our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With faith's illumin'd eyes;—

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore!

11.

BEDFORD.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home !

Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure :
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same !

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come ;
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home !

12.

ROUSSEAU.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee !
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure ;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power !

Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands ;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow ;
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone !

Nothing in my hand I bring ;
Simply to thy Cross I cling ;
Naked, come to thee for dress ;
Helpless, look to thee for grace ;
Foul, I to the fountain fly ;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die !

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment-throne—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee !

13.

SAVOY.

A WATCHFUL God is present here ;
His eye is on our thoughts and ways ;
He marks who humbly join in prayer,
And who sincerely sing his praise.

The triflers, too, his eye can see,
Who only seem to take a part ;
They move the lip and bend the knee,
But do not seek him with the heart.

Oh ! may we never trifle so,
Nor lose the days which God has given ;
But so improve them here below,
That we may live with God in heaven !

14.

IRISH.

How happy is the Christian's state !
His sins are all forgiv'n ;
A cheering ray confirms the grace,
And lifts his hopes to heav'n.

Though in the rugged path of life
He heaves the pensive sigh ;
Yet, trusting in his God, he finds
Deliv'ring grace is nigh.

If, to prevent his wand'ring steps,
He feels the chast'ning rod,
The gentle stroke shall bring him back
To his forgiving God.

And when the welcome message comes
To call his soul away,
His soul in raptures shall ascend
To everlasting day !

15.

MOUNT EPHRAIM.

PREPARE a thankful song
To the Redeemer's name :
His praises should employ each tongue,
And ev'ry tribute claim.

Behold, he pleading stands
Before his Father's throne,
And satisfies the law's demands
With what himself hath done.

The Holy Ghost he sends,
Our stubborn wills to move,
To make his enemies his friends,
And conquer them by love.

Oh ! may we not refuse
Such rich, unbounded grace,
Nor Satan's bondage longer choose,
But seek the Saviour's face !

16.

PALESTINE.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
 Name ever dear to me,
 When shall my labours have an end ?
 Thy joys when shall I see ?
 When shall these eyes thy glorious walls,
 And gates of pearl behold,
 Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
 And streets of purest gold ?

Oh ! when, thou city of my God,
 Shall I thy courts ascend,
 Where congregations ne'er break up,
 And sabbaths never end ?
 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
 Or feel at death dismay ?
 I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
 And realms of endless day !

Jesus, my Saviour, dwells therein,
 In glorious majesty ;
 And Him, through every stormy scene,
 I onward press to see.
 Jerusalem, my happy home,
 My soul still pants for thee ;
 Then shall my labours have an end,
 When once thy joys I see !

17.

NEW LONDON.

FATHER ! we know thy ways are just,
 Although to us unknown ;
 Oh, grant us grace thy love to trust,
 And cry, " Thy will be done ! "

If thou shouldst hedge with thorns our path,
Should wealth and friends be gone,
Still, with a firm and lively faith,
We'll cry, "Thy will be done!"

Although thy steps we cannot trace,
Thy sovereign right we'll own,
And, as instructed by thy grace,
Will cry, "Thy will be done!"

'Tis sweet thus passively to lie,
Before thy gracious throne;
Concerning every thing to cry,
"My Father's will be done!"

18.

ST. DAVID'S.

PRAYER is the burdened soul's relief,
The Christian's great resource,
His faith's appeal, in joy or grief,
Throughout his earthly course.

Here God his creature's suit will own,
Whilst man expectant pleads,
And, in man's nature, on the throne,
A Saviour intercedes.

O Thou, through whom we may draw nigh,
The Truth, the Life, the Way,
Send down thy Spirit from on high,
And teach us, Lord, to pray!

19.

CALVARY.

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Come, in mercy's gracious hour ;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power.

He is able,

Rep.

He is willing : doubt no more !

Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him :
This he gives you ;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall ;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all :
Not the righteous ;
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

Lo ! th' incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood :
Venture on him, venture wholly ;
Let no other trust intrude :
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

20.

DURHAM.

WHEN the heart is sad within
With the sense of all its sin ;
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesus, Son of David, hear !

Thou the shame, the grief hast known,
Though the sins were not thine own ;
Thou hast deign'd their load to bear ;
Jesus, Son of David, hear !

When our hearts are bow'd with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn, the lost, the dear,
Jesus, Son of David, hear !

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn ;
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne ;
Thou hast shed the human tear ;
Jesus, Son of David, hear !

When the dreary death-wave rolls
O'er our own departing souls ;
When our final doom is near,
Jesus, Son of David, hear !

21.

ST. PAUL'S.

LORD, we own it grace abounding
That thy Gospel is declared,
And that whilst its voice is sounding,
We to listen still are spared—
Great the mercy thus prolonged !
Great the sin of mercy wronged ! *Rep.*

Oft we come this sin confessing,
And regret we speed so ill ;
But we fear that, thus professing,
We are unbelieving still—
Means of profit, Lord, abound,
Yet we are not faithful found !

Come, then, and thy truth revealing,
Let thy Spirit stir our hearts,
And our wayward natures healing,
Give the life which he imparts !
So thy word shall saving prove,
And induce our faith and love.

22.

ISLINGTON.

Wait, O my soul ! thy Maker's will ;
Tumultuous passions, all be still ;
Nor let a murm'ring thought arise ;
His ways are just, his counsels wise.

In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,
He executes his firm decrees ;
And by his saints it stands confess'd,
That what he does is ever best.

Wait, then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before his mercy seat ;
Beneath the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God !

23.

DEVIZES.

THERE is a fountain ever near,
In full and healing flow ;
And sinners who seek cleansing there,
Though dark the guilt they bear,
Are made as white as snow.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day,
And there may we, as vile as he,
From ev'ry hindrance free,
Wash all our sins away.

Dear, dying Lamb ! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its pow'r,
Till all the ransomed hosts of God,
Emerged from Jordan's flood,
Are safe on Canaan's shore.

May we, with earnest hearts and aim,
This fount of blessing try ;
And in the faith of thy great name,
Redeemed from guilt and shame,
May we, Lord, live and die !

24.

OXFORD.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd ;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways ;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, " Behold, he prays ! "

25.

ST. GEORGE'S.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God !
My thoughtful soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise ! *Rep.*

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

Through ev'ry period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And, after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise ;
For, Oh, Eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise !

26.

HELMSLEY.

COME, Thou soul-transforming Spirit !
Bless the sower and the seed ;
Let each heart thy grace inherit ;
Raise the weak, the hungry feed :
From the Gospel
Now supply thy people's need !

Rep.

Oh, may all enjoy the blessing
Which thy word designs to give !
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive ;
And for ever
To thy praise and glory live !

Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy Gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound :
May thy presence
With us evermore be found !

27.

CARLISLE.

THE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied ;
Since he is mine and I am his,
What can I want beside ?

He leads me to the place
Where heav'nly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And leads me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear ; [shade,
Though I should walk through death's dark
My Shepherd's with me there.

28.

TRURO.

OH ! render thanks to God above,
The Fountain of eternal love,
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless ?
What mortal eloquence can raise
A tribute equal to his praise ?

Happy are they, and only they,
Who from his judgments fear to stray,
Who know and love his perfect will,
And would his righteous laws fulfil.

Extend to us that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford ;
And when thy glory shall appear,
Let us thy great salvation share !

29.

SHIRLAND.

BEHOLD the throne of grace !
The promise calls us near ;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

That sin-atoning blood,
Which sets the conscience free,
Provides for those who come to God
An all-prevailing plea.

Beyond our utmost wants
His love and power can bless ;
To praying souls he always grants
More than they can express.

30.

ROCKINGHAM.

“ The soul that sinneth it shall die ”—
Such, O Lord, is thy dread decree,
And 'tis in vain that sinners try
From this arrest of death to flee.

To work out merit men may aim,
Though in thy law they read their doom ;
But Justice, with its awful claim,
Even for *mercy* leaves no room.

But Jesus has atonement made,
Whence Justice can the guilty spare ;
Our ransom has been fully paid,
And humble sinners need not fear.

O Lord, repress our foolish pride ;
Guilty, we bow before thy throne ;
Give us to live through Him who died,
And let his life inspire our own !

31.

SHELDON.

GREAT God of providence, thy ways
Are hid from mortal sight ;
Wrapt in impenetrable shades,
Or cloth'd with dazzling light !

But in the world of bliss above
Where thou dost ever reign,
These myst'ries shall be all unveil'd,
And not a doubt remain.

The Sun of Righteousness shall there
His brightest beams display,
And not a hov'ring cloud obscure
That never-ending day.

32.

LUTHER.

GREAT God, what do I see and hear !
The end of things created !
I see the Judge of man appear,
On clouds of glory seated !
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead, which they contained before :—
Prepare, my soul, to meet him !

The dead in Christ triumphant rise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding.
But sinners quail beneath his frown ;
Trembling, they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet him !

Great God, what do I see and hear !
The end of things created !
Behold the Judge of man appear,
On clouds of glory seated !
Low at his Cross, I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him !

33.

ST. OLAVE.

JESUS, the Shepherd of the sheep,
Thy little flock in safety keep ;
The flock for which thou cam'st from heav'n,
The flock for which thy life was giv'n !

Oh, guard them in the narrow way,
And keep them that they never stray ;
Cherish the young, sustain the old ;
Let none be feeble in thy fold !

Oh, may thy sheep discern thy voice,
And in its sacred sound rejoice ;
From strangers may they ever flee,
And know no other guide but thee !

Lord, bring thy sheep that wander yet,
And let the number be complete ;
Then let thy flock from earth remove,
And occupy the fold above !

34.

SICILIAN.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the Cross we spend ;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

Here we rest, in wonder viewing
All our sins on Jesus laid ;
Here we see redemption flowing
Through the sacrifice he made.

Oh ! that near the Cross abiding,
We may to the Saviour cleave,
Nought with him our hearts dividing,
All for him content to leave !

35.

CAREY.

Far have all wandered, Lord, from thee,
Far from thy statutes gone astray,
And blind presumption will not see
That mis'ry tracks the crowded way :
Men wander on, though mercy cry,
“ Why, sinners, will ye choose to die ? ”

May we, at once, the warning heed,
Nor pause to treat with flesh and blood,
But from the downward progress speed,
And take the road that leads to God !
Glory to thee ! 'tis free to all
Who hear and mind the Gospel call.

There let us find the life and peace,
Which in thy Son for us is stored,
And, blessed with pardon's full release,
Let us rejoice in Christ the Lord !
Where we are thine, this end fulfil,
And those recall who wander still !

36.

WINCHESTER NEW.

GREAT God ! thy blessing now impart,
Impress thy word on ev'ry heart,
Seal'd to us all let this truth be,
" God has a message unto me ! "

If thou induce a sense of guilt,
The stoutest sinner's heart shall melt,
And each shall feel, and know, and see,
" God has a message unto me ! "

Nor will the christian disallow
The hopes which from thy Gospel flow ;
But say, whilst looking up to thee,
" God has a message unto me ! "

When we permitted are, O Lord,
To hear or read thy holy word,
May all in this effect agree,
" God's message has come home to me ! "

37.

GERMAN.

LORD ! wherever two or three
Meet together in thy name,
Thou hast promised there to be,
And that promise now we claim.

'Tis not number, time, nor place,
Can affect our feeble prayer :
Where thy people seek thy face,
Thou art present and wilt hear.

On the ocean, in the field,
Mountain, valley, or at home,
Thou to us wilt be reveal'd,
If to thee in faith we come.

38.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

Let us love, and sing, and wonder,
 Let us praise the Saviour's name!
 He has hushed the law's loud thunder,
 He has quench'd mount Sinai's flame:
 He has wash'd us with his blood,
 He has brought us nigh to God. *Rep.*

Let us love the Lord who bought us,
 Pitied us when we were lost,
 Call'd us by his grace, and taught us,
 In his Cross to make our boast:
 He has washed us with his blood,
 He presents our souls to God.

Let us praise and join the chorus
 Of the saints enthron'd on high!
 Here they trusted him before us,
 Now their praises fill the sky;
 "Thou hast wash'd us with thy blood,
 Thou art worthy, Lamb of God!"

39.

ELWYN.

Thou King of saints, enthroned above,
 The centre of adoring love,
 Let earth no longer faithless prove—
 "Thy kingdom come!" *Rep.*

Thy Cross its mighty work has done;
 For us it has redemption won;
 Now crown the triumphs thus begun—
 "Thy kingdom come!"

Man's deadly foe thy right denies ;
The Church for thine appearing sighs ;
Creation's sorrow loudly cries,
"Thy kingdom come !"

Oh ! haste, then, Lord, the blissful day,
When all the world will own thy sway,
And thy redeemed shall cease to pray,
"Thy kingdom come !"

40.

LYDIA.

Far from the narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes. *Rep.*

Fair, distant land ! could mortal eyes
But half its joys explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more !

No cloud those blissful regions know,
Serene and ever fair ;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

Oh, may the heav'nly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love :
Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above !

41.

ALL SAINTS.

And will the Judge descend ?
And must the dead arise ?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes ?

How will our hearts endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heav'n, before his face,
Astonish'd, shrink away ?

But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark ! from the Gospel's gentle voice,
What joyful tidings spread !

Ye sinners, bow to Him,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear ;
Fly to the shelter of his Cross,
And find salvation there !

42.

ABRIDGE.

Come, let us seek the grace of God,
And all with one accord,
In a perpetual cov'nant join
Ourselves to Christ the Lord !

Come, let us join ourselves to Him
Who died our souls to save,
Who died that sinners, such as we,
Eternal life might have !

And may we ever, through his grace,
This cov'nant bear in mind ;
No more forsake the Lord our God,
Nor cast his word behind !

43.

PORTUGAL NEW.

In glory throned, Almighty Lord !
Thy gracious presence here reveal ;
With searching point now arm thy word,
And saving light and life afford,
That we thy Spirit's pow'r may feel !

Come in thy might, come in thy love,
Effectual let thy message be;
Pour down thy blessing from above,
That we may earnest hearers prove,
And that thy truth may make us free!

Thy word proclaims a Refuge nigh,
But blind presumption will not heed;
Oh, clear the film from nature's eye,
That we may to the Saviour fly,
And find the shelter that we need!

Corrupt we are, perverse, and weak,
Bound with the chain of guilt and thrall;
But thou canst ev'ry fetter break,
And with a voice so urgent speak,
That none will dare reject the call.

44.

REUBEN.

Come, Holy Spirit, come;
Let thy bright beams arise; *Rep.*
Dispel all sorrow from our minds, *Rep.*
All darkness from our eyes!

Convince us all of sin,
Then lead to Jesu's blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The mercies of our God!

Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love!

'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new-create the whole.

45.

. COMFORT

ONE there is above all others ;
Oh ! how he loves !
His is love beyond a brother's.
Oh ! how he loves !
Earthly friends may fail and leave us,
One day soothe, the next day grieve us,
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us.
Oh ! how he loves !

Love this Friend who died to save thee.
Oh ! how he loves !
Dost thou fear ? He will not leave thee.
Oh ! how he loves !
Think no more, then, of to-morrow ;
Take his easy yoke and follow ;
Jesus carries all thy sorrow.
Oh ! how he loves !

All thy sins shall be forgiven.
Oh ! how he loves !
Backward shall thy foes be driven.
Oh ! how he loves !
Every blessing he'll provide thee,
Nought but good shall e'er betide thee,
Safe to glory he will guide thee.
Oh ! how he loves !

46.

ST. MARY'S.

POUR down thy Spirit, gracious Lord,
On all assembled here ;
Let us receive th' ingrafted word
With meekness and with fear !

By faith in thee the soul receives
New life, though dead before ;
And he who in thy name believes
Shall live to die no more.

To thee we look, to thee we bow,
To thee for help we call ;
Our life and resurrection, thou,
Our hope, our joy, our all !

47.

ST. MATTHEW'S.

SOME in their works presume to trust ;
Some glory in their shame ;
And some conclude it safe to boast
Profession's empty name.
But God forbid that we should dare
To take the boaster's place,
Lest in his punishment we share,
And sink in his disgrace !

Not all the duties we could pay
Avail to hide our shame ;
They could not take our guilt away,
Nor answer present claim.
We have, great Saviour, but one plea—
All other, count we loss—
We can but put our trust in thee,
And glory in thy Cross !

Give us the faith which thus relies
On what thy Cross has done ;
Which human worth and claim denies,
And looks to thee alone !
Oh ! may the truth, so often heard,
Our sluggish natures move ;
Speak by thy Spirit in thy word,
And let it saving prove !

48.

PERU.

AWAKE, our souls, away our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone,
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on ! *Rep.*

True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of every saint.

From Him, the overflowing Spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

49.

HANOVER.

YE servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful name ;
The name all-victorious
Of Jesus extol ;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all !

God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save ;
And still he is nigh,
His presence we have ;
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus our King !

Salvation to God,
Who sits on the throne—
Let all cry aloud,
And honour the Son ;
The praises of Jesus
The angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces,
And worship the Lamb !

Then let us adore,
And give him his right,
All glory and power,
All wisdom and might,
All honour and blessing,
With angels above,
And thanks never-ceasing,
For infinite love !

50.

MARTIN'S LANE.

O THOU, who notest sorrow's tear !
How doubly dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not seek relief in thee !
But to thy shelter we can fly,
Whilst sweeps the storm of trouble by.

'Tis thine to heal the broken heart,
Which, like the stricken plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes greater sweetness out of woe :
Thou out of evil canst bring good,
And change the poison into food.

Then, sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright,
With more than rapture's beaming ray ;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw in open day :
While o'er the starry frame we rove,
We see the shining marks of love.

51.

EVENING HYMN.

HEAR, gracious Sovereign ! on thy throne,
And send thy various blessings down ;
While by thine Israel thou art sought,
Attend the prayer thy word hath taught !

Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love ;
Soften to flesh the rugged stone,
And let thy godlike power be known !

Oh ! let a holy flock await,
Eager at thy temple gate,
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to thee !

52.

MILES LANE.

ALL hail the great Emmanuel's name !
Ye angels, prostrate fall :
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And (crown him) Lord of all ! (*Rep.*)

Ye saints, redeem'd of Adam's race,
Ye ransom'd from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all !

Ye realms of every tongue and name,
Ye nations great and small,
Your mighty Saviour's praise proclaim,
And crown him Lord of all !

Oh ! that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all !

53.

WARWICK.

Now, whilst thy word, O Lord, is cast
Like seed into the ground,
Oh, let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound !

Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove ;
But give it root in ev'ry heart,
To bring forth fruits of love !

Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy ;
But let it yield a hundred-fold
The fruits of peace and joy !

Yea, whereso'er the seed is sown,
Thy quick'ning grace bestow,
That all, whose souls thy truth receive,
Its saving power may know !

54.

ABINGDON.

SAVIOUR divine, we know thy name,
And in that name we trust !
Thou art the Lord our righteousness !
Thou art thy people's boast !

Guilty, we plead before thy throne,
And low in dust we lie,
Till thou stretch forth thy gracious arm
To bring the guilty nigh.

Pardon, and peace, and lively hope,
To sinners now are giv'n :
And earnest pilgrims soon shall change
Their wilderness for heav'n.

With joy we taste that manna now,
Thy mercy scatters down !
We seal our humble vows to thee,
And wait the promis'd crown !

55.

DARWELL.

JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore ;
All are too mean to speak His worth,
Too mean to set our Saviour forth !

Great Prophet of our God !
Our tongues would bless thy name ;
By thee the joyful news,
Of our salvation came—
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

Jesus, our great High Priest!
Thou hast for sinners died;
The guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:
Thy precious blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

56.

ST. BRIDE'S.

O THOU who hearest prayer,
Behold us at thy feet;
Now let us prove thy presence here,
Where we to worship meet!

Thy promise, Lord, we plead,
Which should our hope sustain;
For thou ne'er saidst to Israel's seed,
"Seek ye my face in vain."

Oh, let it now be shown
How true, how good thou art!
Lord, send a gracious answer down,
To every waiting heart!

57.

FALCON STREET.

THE Spirit to each heart
Is whispering, "Sinner, come;"
The Bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims
To all who wander, "Come."

Let him that heareth say,
To all about him, "Come;"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come.

Yes ! whosoever will,
Oh, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life :
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

Lo ! Jesus who invites,
Declares, " I quickly come "—
Lord, even so ! we wait thine hour ;
Jesus, our Saviour, come !

58.

ST. STEPHEN'S.

THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight ;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic as the sun ;
It gives a light to ev'ry age ;
It gives, but borrows none.

Eternal thanks, O Lord ! be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day !

Oh, may our souls with joy pursue
The paths of truth and love,
Till glory break upon our view
In brighter worlds above !

59.

MARTYRDOM.

Oh ! what a lonely path were ours,
Could we, O Father, see
No home of rest beyond it all—
No guide or help in thee !

But thou art near, and with us still,
To keep us in the way
That leads along this vale of tears
To the bright world of day.

There Jesus on his heav'nly throne
Our wond'ring eyes shall see ;
While we the blest associates there
Of all his joys shall be.

Blest hope ! for thee without a sigh,
We'd leave a world like this ;
And bear the cross, despise the shame,
For all that weight of bliss !

60.

HELEN.

LORD, we believe a rest remains
To all thy people known,
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone :
A rest where all the soul's desire
Is fixed on things above ;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love !

Oh ! could we but awake to see
The glories of the skies,
What a mean thing this earth would be,
How worthless in our eyes !
Remove, O Lord ! the veil away,
That hides thee from our sight ;
Shed on our hearts a quick'ning ray,
And make our darkness light !

So shall a treach'rous world no more
Our wayward hearts ensnare ;
Above its follies we shall soar,
And breathe a purer air.
Pressing to reach the heavenly prize,
We will pursue thy way ;
Till the last cloud that dims our eyes
Melts at the op'ning day !

61.

YORK.

Now, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
And make thy glory known :
Now let us all thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone !

Help us to venture near thy throne,
And plead our Saviour's name !
For all that we can call our own,
Is vanity and shame.

Send down thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love thee more :
And sinners now may learn to love,
Who never loved before !

62.

CHESTER.

GRACIOUS God, thy holy eye
Notes our sin and misery ;
Turn, then, to thy holy One,
Look on thine anointed Son—
All our merit in him see,
Bearing thus thy scrutiny !

Lord, we cannot let thee go
Till a blessing thou bestow ;
Hear our Advocate divine ;
Lo, to his our suit we join ;
Jesu's pleading cannot fail,
Let us now with thee prevail !

Turn from us thy holy eyes
To the perfect Sacrifice ;
To the full atonement made,
To the utmost ransom paid ;
Take the purchase of Christ's blood ;
Reign within us, gracious God !

63.

HARTS.

BRETHREN, let us join to bless
Christ the Lord, our righteousness ;
Let our praise to him be given,
High at God's right hand in heaven !

Thee, O Saviour, angels sing ;
Thee we praise, our Priest and King ;
Worthy is thy name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace !

Thou hast the glad tidings brought
Of salvation, by thee wrought ;
Wrought to set thy people free ;
Wrought to bring our souls to thee !

May we follow, and adore,
Thee, our Saviour, more and more !
Guide and bless us with thy love,
Till we join thy saints above !

64.

WIMBORNE.

How sweetly flowed the Gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When list'ning thousands gathered round,
And joy and rev'rence filled the place !

From heaven He came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way ;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

"Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest"—
Yes ! gracious Saviour, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest !

Decay, these tenements of dust ;
Pillars of earthly pride, decay !
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way !

65.

VESPER.

SINNERS, come, though poor and needy ;
Jesus can all such relieve ;
He declares, " All things are ready,"
And you must his word believe.
Oh, accept him ! *Rep.*
Of his fulness now receive.

Hear how God himself beseeches—
" Sinners, be ye reconciled !"
Jesus in the Gospel teaches
How a foe becomes a child.
When he suffered,
Love prevailed, and Justice smiled.

See his sacred body broken,
Broken on th'accursed tree !
Hear the words the Lord hath spoken—
"Sinners live, beholding me!"
Careless sinner,
'Tis the Saviour speaks to thee !

66.

SABBATH NEW.

How blest the righteous when he dies !
When sinks a weary soul to rest :
How mildly beam the closing eyes !
How gently heaves th' expiring breast !

So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
So gently shuts the eye of day ;
So dies a wave along the shore.

A holy quiet reigns around,
Which not the throe of death destroys,
Nothing disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfetter'd soul enjoys.

Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell :
How bright th' unchanging morn appears !
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !

67.

ST. ANN'S.

GREAT Shepherd of thy people, hear,
Thy presence now display ;
As thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray !

Show us some token of thy love,
Our feeble hope to raise ;
And pour thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise !

Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell ;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal !

68.

VIENNA.

Come, thou great and gracious Jesus,
Born to set thy people free ;
From our fears and sins release us ;
Let us find our rest in thee !
Thee we own a perfect Saviour,
Only Source of all that's good :
Every grace and every favour
Is the purchase of thy blood !

Here we wait for thine appearing ;
Life and joy thy beams impart ;
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every meek and contrite heart.
Come, and manifest the favour
Thou hast for thy ransom'd race ;
Come, thou kind and tender Saviour,
Manifest thy Gospel grace !

Help us in thy great compassion,
O thou Prince of peace and love !
Show us all thy great salvation,
Raise our hearts to things above !

By thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burden'd soul release ;
By the influence of thy Spirit,
Guide us into perfect peace !

69.

ANGEL'S HYMN.

BESET with snares on ev'ry hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand :
Saviour divine, diffuse thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right !

Engage this roving, treach'rous heart,
O Lord ! to choose the better part—
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away !

Then, should the wildest storms arise,
And tempests mingle seas and skies,
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

If thou, my Saviour, still art nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die ;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee !

70

BELMONT.

JESUS ! how much thy name unfolds,
To ev'ry open'd ear ;
The pardon'd sinner's mem'ry holds
None other half so dear !

JESUS !—it speaks a life of love,
And sorrows meekly borne ;
It tells of sympathy above,
Whatever makes us mourn.

Jesus!—the one who knew no sin,
Made sin to make us just;
Worthy art thou our love to win,
And worthy all our trust!

The mention of thy name shall bow
Our hearts to worship thee;
The chiefest of ten thousand *thou*,
The chief of sinners *we*!

71. NEW CAMBRIDGE.

Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace! *Rep.*

Jesus! the name that soothes our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He saves his people thus;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avail'd for us!

72. ST. JAMES'S.

FULFIL thy promise, gracious Lord,
In us, assembled here!
Put forth thy Spirit with the word,
And cause the dead to hear!

Preserve the power of faith alive
In those who love thy Name!
For sin and Satan daily strive
To quench the sacred flame.

To thee we look, to thee we bow,
To thee for help we call;
Our life and resurrection thou,
Our hope, our joy, our all!

73.

WAREHAM.

AFFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near,
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear!
His faithful word declares to thee,
That "as thy days thy strength shall be."

Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong;
And if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee,
For "as thy days thy strength shall be."

Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;
In fiery trials thou shalt see
That "as thy days thy strength shall be."

When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue:
He comes to set thy spirit free,
And "as thy days thy strength shall be."

74.

EATON.

O Thou, whose glory beams on high,
Jesus, the true and quick'ning light,
Blest Sun of righteousness, arise,
And dissipate the shades of night!
To us, in saving pow'r, draw near,
And, Dayspring of our hearts, appear!

How dark and dreary is the morn
Which comes, O Lord, uncheered by thee ;
How joyless is the day's return,
Unless thy mercy's beams we see !
Come, then, thine inward light display,
To shine unto the perfect day !

Enrich us with thy heav'nly grace ;
Dispel the gloom of sin and grief ;
Upon our souls thine image trace,
And scatter all our unbelief !
Impress us with thy Spirit's seal,
And, more and more, thyself reveal !

75.

ARABIA.

How helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load !
The heart, unchang'd, can never rise } *Rep.*
To happiness and God.

Can aught beneath a power divine
The stubborn will subdue ?
'Tis thine, Eternal Spirit, thine
To form the heart anew !

'Tis thine the passions to recall,
And upwards bid them rise ;
To make the scales of error fall
From reason's darken'd eyes !

Spirit of life ! thy grace impart
To break the pow'r of sin ;
Recall each truant, wand'ring heart,
And reign supreme within !

76.

BEDFORD.

COME ye, who know and fear the Lord,
And raise your thoughts above !
Let ev'ry heart and voice accord,
To sing that " God is love ! "

This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove ;
Jesus, the Gift of gifts, appears
To show that " God is love. "

Behold his patience, bearing long
With those who from him rove ;
Till mighty grace their hearts subdues
To teach them " God is love ! "

Oh, may we all while here below,
This best of blessings prove !
Till warmer hearts in brighter worlds,
Proclaim that " God is love ! "

77.

ROUSSEAU.

SAVIOUR, Jesus, thou alone
Canst from Justice clear the frown,
And the soul that trusts in thee
Should from fear and doubt be free :
When by conscious guilt oppressed,
'Tis to go to thee for rest.

Lord, we heavy laden are,
Bowed with sin, and vexed with care ;
Life itself is charged with grief,
And the world gives no relief ;
Weary, worn, and oft distressed,
We are come to thee for rest.

Sin defiles us, and we see
Nought in us but misery ;
Nor can hopes our conscience shield
Which thy Gospel does not yield :
They may fleeting peace suggest,
But in thee we seek for rest.

In the grave no grace is shown ;
No repentance there is known—
Life is held by frailest bond,
And the judgment frowns beyond ;
But we shall abide the test,
If in thee we find our rest.

78.

SAVOY.

JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat ;
Where'er they seek thee thou art found,
And ev'ry place is hallow'd ground.

Here may we prove the pow'r of pray'r,
To strengthen faith and banish care,
To realize a Saviour's love,
And draw down blessings from above !

Lord, we are weak, but thou art near,
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear ;
Oh ! rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make full many hearts thine own !

79.

IRISH.

Joy is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil ;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made his glories known,
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.

A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
A sense of pard'ning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.

These are the joys which satisfy
And sanctify the mind,
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

80.

MOUNT EPHRAIM.

Our times are in thy hand ;
O God, we wish them there ;
Our life, our friends, our souls we leave
Entirely to thy care !

Our times are in thy hand ;
Why should we doubt or fear ?
A Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear !

Our times are in thy hand ;
We'll always trust in thee,
Till we have left this weary land,
And all thy glory see !

81.

PALESTINE.

Thou art my hiding-place, O Lord,
In thee I put my trust,
Encouraged by thy holy word,
A feeble child of dust.

I have no argument beside,
I urge no other plea,
And 'tis enough, my Saviour died,
My Saviour died for me !

When storms of fierce temptation beat,
And foes my faith assail,
My refuge is the mercy-seat,
My hope within the veil.
Ah ! what could give the sufferer rest,
Bid every murmur flee,
But this, the witness in my breast,
My Saviour died for me !

And when thine awful voice commands
This body to decay,
And life, in its last lingering sands,
Is ebbing fast away—
Then, though it be in accents weak,
And faint and tremblingly,
Oh, give me strength in death to speak,
“ My Saviour died for me ! ”

82.

NEW LONDON.

For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine :
Oh ! when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine ?

Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
Trust God ! who will employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

And when thy presence, Lord of life,
Has once dispell'd this storm,
To thee I'll grateful anthems sing,
And all my vows perform.

Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still; and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring!

83.

ST. DAVID'S.

WHERE two or three together meet,
To seek the Lord in prayer,
The Lord is in the midst of these,
And he will surely hear.

Shine, Lord, in every soul that comes
By prayer to seek thy face!
Thou know'st our hope, our only hope,
Is grounded on thy grace.

Help us, O Lord! to ask in faith;
Take unbelief away;
And for the blessings that we need,
Give us the heart to pray!

84.

CALVARY.

WHY those fears? Behold, 'tis Jesus
Holds the helm, and guides the ship,
Spread the sails and catch the breezes,
Sent to waft us o'er the deep,
To the regions *Rep.*
Where the mourners cease to weep.

Though the shore we hope to land on
Only by report is known,
Yet we freely all abandon,
Led by that report alone ;
And with Jesus,
Thro' the trackless deep move on.

Rendered safe by his protection,
We shall pass the watery waste ;
Trusting to his wise direction,
We shall gain the port at last :
And with wonder
Think on toils and dangers past !

85.

DURHAM.

HARK ! my soul, it is the Lord ;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word !
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee :
" Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?

Can a woman's yearning care
Cease to tend the child she bare ?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee !

Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above ;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death !"

Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint ;
Yet I love thee and adore ;
Oh, for grace to love thee more !

86.

ST. PAUL'S.

JESUS hail! whose glory brightens
 All above, and gives it worth:
 Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
 Cheers and charms thy saints on earth!
 When we think of love like thine,
 Lord, we own it love divine! *Rep.*

King of Glory, reign for ever!
 Thine an everlasting crown:
 Nothing from thy love shall sever
 Those whom thou hast made thine own;
 Happy objects of thy grace,
 Destin'd to behold thy face!

Saviour, hasten thine appearing!
 Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
 When the awful summons hearing,
 Heav'n and earth shall pass away;
 Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
 "Glory, glory to our King!"

87.

ISLINGTON.

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
 In ev'ry star thy wisdom shines;
 But, when our eyes behold thy Word,
 We read thy name in fairer lines.

The rolling sun, the changing light,
 And nights and days thy power confess;
 But the blest volume thou hast writ
 Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

Great Sun of Righteousness, arise !
Bless the dark world with heav'nly light ;
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

88.

DEVIZES.

Oh, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame,
A light to shine upon the road,
That all the saints have trod,
When going to the Lamb !

Eternal Spirit ! it is thine
To make all bright within,
And, in thy grace and might divine,
Upon the soul to shine,
And clear obscuring sin.

The dearest idol we have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help us to tear it from thy throne,
Nor other master own,
But worship only thee !

So shall our walk be close with God,
Calm and serene our frame ;
So bright'ning light shall mark the road,
That all the saints have trod,
When going to the Lamb.

89.

OXFORD.

Long have we sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord ;
But still how weak our faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word !

How cold and feeble is our love !
How negligent our fear !
How low our hope of joys above !
How few affections there !

Great God, thy sov'reign power imparts
What gives thy word success ;
Write thy salvation in our hearts,
And make us learn thy grace !

90. ST. GEORGE'S.

REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause his own ;
The hope that's built upon his word.
Can ne'er be overthrown ! *Rep.*

Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm,
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.

Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or, fainting, shall not die ;
Jesus, the strength of ev'ry saint,
Will aid you from on high !

Remember, then, your safety stands
Unshaken as his throne !
His people's everlasting life
Is founded on his own !

91. HELMESLEY.

GLORY, glory everlasting,
Be to Him who bore the Cross ;
Who redeem'd our souls, by tasting
Death, the death deserv'd by us !
Spread his glory, *Rep.*
Who redeem'd his people thus !

Jesu's love is love unbounded,
Without measure, without end;
Human thought is here confounded,
'Tis too vast to comprehend :
Praise the Saviour!
Magnify the sinner's Friend !

While we hear the wond'rous story
Of the Saviour's cross and shame,
Sing we, " Everlasting glory
Be to God and to the Lamb ! "
Saints and angels,
Give ye glory to his name !

92.

CARLISLE.

My soul, repeat His praise
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower ;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure ;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure !

93.

TRURO.

Now let us join with hearts and tongues,
And emulate the angels' songs :

Yea, sinners may address their King
In songs that angels cannot sing.

They praise the Lamb who once was slain;
But we can add a higher strain,
Not only say he suffered thus,
But that he suffered all for us.

Jesus, who passed the angels by,
Assumed our flesh to bleed and die ;
And still he makes it his abode,
For man now fills the throne of God.

Oh, glorious hour ! it comes with speed,
When all whom he from guilt has freed
Shall see the King who died for man,
And praise him more than angels can.

94.

SHIRLAND.

Thou Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear !

Our caution'd souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray !

To pray, and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When rob'd in majesty and pow'r,
Thou shalt from heav'n come down !

95.

ROCKINGHAM.

SPIRIT of truth, thy presence prove,
With light and comfort from above ;
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,
O'er ev'ry thought and step preside !

The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way ;
Plant holy fear in ev'ry heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart !

Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God ;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his pastures stray !

Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be blest ;
Lead us to heav'n, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is !

96.

SHELDON.

FATHER of mercies, we would sing
To thee in grateful lays,
And, though unworthy servants, bring
This tribute to thy praise !

We thank thee for the gift of life,
And for thy constant care ;
As well as for the bounties rife
In our abundant share.

But, above all, we praise thy name
For thy redeeming grace,
Which did not scorn our guilt and shame,
But brought us life and peace.

Nor would we, Lord, in words alone
Our duteous thanks prefer ;
But whilst our *lips* thy goodness own,
Oh, let our *lives* concur !

97.

LUTHER.

THE mighty God, from Sinai's brow,
Gave forth his voice of thunder,
And Israel in the plain below
Stood awed in trembling wonder :
The mountain smoked, the lightnings flashed,
And sounds portentous loudly crashed
Whilst rocks were rent asunder !

The Lord of life, on Calv'ry's mount,
A victim was surrendered ;
With gushing love, from mercy's fount,
For man his life he tendered :
For us he bore the weight of woe,
For us he gave his blood to flow,
And full atonement rendered.

The Lord of glory in his might,
The King of all created,
Shall soon return to claim his right,
On clouds refulgent seated ;
With trumpet sound and angel song,
And hallelujahs loud and long,
O'er death and hell defeated !

98.

ST. OLAVE.

As when the weary trav'ller gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives, if 'cross the plains
He eyes his home, though distant still.

Thus, when the christian pilgrim views,
 By faith, his mansion in the skies,
 The sight his fainting strength renews,
 And wings his speed to reach the prize.
 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell
 With Jesus in the realms of day;
 Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
 And he shall wipe my tears away.
 Jesus, on thee our hope depends,
 To lead us on to thine abode :
 Assur'd our home will make amends
 For all our toil while on the road.

99.

SICILIAN.

Come, thou all-inspiring Spirit,
 Into every longing heart;
 Purchase of the Saviour's merit,
 Now thy strength to us impart!
 Wrestling on in mighty prayer,
 Lord, we would not let thee go,
 Till we Israel's blessings share,
 And thy grace thou dost bestow.
 May each sabbath bring us nearer
 To a glorious rest above;
 And our hopes grow brighter, clearer,
 Till we reach the realms of love!

100.

CAREY.

Lord, show thy glory, as of old,
 The work of heavenly love display;
 And let our longing eyes behold
 Another Pentecostal day:
 Our fervent wishes deign to crown,
 And send thy quick'ning Spirit down!

Thou seest how we go astray,
Oppress'd with ills we cannot flee ;
How sin hath drawn our hearts away
From peace, from happiness, and thee—
Our erring souls do thou restore,
And let them never wander more !

Now let a brighter day begin
Than ever we have witness'd here ;
Bid the dark, gath'ring clouds of sin
Before thy presence disappear—
Give us thy saving truth to know,
And bid the living waters flow !

101.

WINCHESTER NEW.

WHERE high the heav'nly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
And there before our God appears.

He, who for us as Surety stood,
And shed on earth his precious blood,
Pursues in heav'n his gracious plan—
The Saviour and the Friend of man !

Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame,
And still remembers, in the skies,
His tears, and griefs, and agonies.

With boldness, therefore, at the throne
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And seek the aid of heav'nly pow'r,
To help us in each trying hour.

102.

GERMAN.

IN thy presence we appear ;
 Lord, we come to worship here,
 When, within the veil we meet
 Thee upon thy mercy-seat.
 While thy glorious name is sung,
 Touch our lips, unloose our tongue :
 Then our joyful souls shall bless
 Thee, " the Lord, our Righteousness !"
 While to thee our prayers ascend,
 Let thine ear in love attend ;
 Hear us, when thy Spirit pleads :
 Hear ; for Jesus intercedes !

103.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

ONE there is, above all others,
 Well deserves the name of Friend ;
 His is love beyond a brother's,
 Costly, free, and knows no end ;
 They, who once his kindness prove,
 Find it everlasting love. *Resp.*
 When he lived on earth abased,
 Friend of sinners was his name,
 Now, above all glory raised,
 He rejoices in the same ;
 Still he calls them brethren, friends,
 And to all their wants attends.
 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften !
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love !
 We, alas, forget too often
 What a Friend we have above ;
 But when home our souls are brought,
 We will love thee as we ought.

Just as I am—without one plea,
 But that thy blood was shed for me,
 And that thou bid'st me come to thee—
 O Lamb of God, (I come!) (*Rep.*)

Just as I am—and waiting not
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot—
 O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 Yea, all I need, in thee to find—
 O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—thy love unknown
 Has broken every barrier down;
 Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone—
 O Lamb of God, I come!

Faith adds new joy to earthly bliss,
 And saves us from its snares;
 Fresh aid in every duty brings,
 And softens all our cares. (*Rep.*)

Faith draws aside the veil of heaven,
 Where unknown glories reign;
 And bids us seek our portion there;
 Nor bids us seek in vain.

Faith holds to view the promise, seal'd
 With the Redeemer's blood;
 And helps our feeble hope to rest
 Upon a faithful God.

There, there, unshaken may we rest,
Till this vile body dies ;
And then, on Faith's triumphant wings,
To endless glory rise !

106

ALL SAINTS.

RETURN, and come to God ;
Cast all your sins away ;
Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing blood ;
Repent, believe, obey !

Say not ye cannot come ;
For Jesus bled and died,
And none who ask in humble faith
Shall ever be denied.

Say not ye will not come ;
'Tis God vouchsafes to call ;
And fearful will their end be found,
On whom his wrath shall fall !

Come then, whoever will ;
Come, while 'tis called to-day ;
Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing blood ;
Repent, believe, obey !

107.

ABRIDGE.

COME, O thou all-victorious Lord !
Thy power to us make known :
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break these hearts of stone !

Give us ourselves and thee to know,
In this our gracious day ;
Repentance unto life bestow,
And take our sins away !

Concluded first in unbelief,
Oh, freely us release ;
Fill ev'ry soul with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace !

108.

PORTUGAL NEW.

Now may the Gospel's conquering power
Be felt by all assembled here !
So shall a harvest bless the sower,
And this shall prove a happy hour
To all who in the blessing share.

Lord, let thy mighty voice be heard ;
Cause it to reach and rouse the dead !
So shall thy glorious name be feared,
And monuments of grace be reared
Where moral ruin now is spread.

Let all in saving heed unite,
Before the day of grace be past,
Nor dare the present message slight,
Which we should welcome with delight,
And which to some may prove the last !

So shall thy people joyful be,
And heav'n with loud acclaim shall ring ;
Whilst all rejoicingly agree
To yield salvation's praise to thee—
The great and everlasting King !

109.

REUBEN.

FAITH is a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestow'd ;
It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.

Rep.
Rep.

Jesus it owns as King,
And all-atoning Priest;
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.

To him it leads the soul,
When fill'd with deep distress,
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.

Lord, it is thine alone
To quicken us from death;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son,
And work in us this faith!

110.

COMFORT.

JESUS, Saviour, kind and gracious!
There's none like thee!
Thou to all art truly precious,
Who trust in thee.
Trials often here assail them;
Earthly stay is sure to fail them;
But it does and must avail them
To cling to thee!

When conviction is most wounding,
There's none like thee!
They have joy and peace abounding,
Who trust in thee.
Nought with thee their faith dividing;
In thy Cross and work confiding;
In thy Gospel truth abiding;
They cling to thee!

When both flesh and heart are failing,
There's none like thee !
Hope with them is still prevailing
Who trust in thee.
Though the throe of death be nearing,
Or the judgment seat be rearing,
Nothing doubting, nothing fearing,
They'll cling to thee !

111.

ST. MARY'S.

ALL-SEEING God, whose piercing eyes
Our inmost thoughts perceive,
Accept the ev'ning sacrifice
Which we to thee would give !

Are any here who know thee not,
Nor feel their want of thee ?
Strangers to Him whose ransom bought
Their pardon on the tree ?

Speak with that voice which wakes the dead,
And bid the sleepers rise !
And let their guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies !

112.

ST. MATTHEW'S.

LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
To thee we fly, O Lord ;
For not a glimpse of hope appears
But in thy written word.
This record of thy love and grace
Can all our griefs assuage ;
For here we see a Saviour's face
Reflected on each page.

This is the field where obvious lies
The pearl of price unknown ;
And he is rich, and truly wise,
Who makes that pearl his own.
Here life, which through the Saviour flows,
To light is fully brought ;
Here, too, the tree of knowledge grows ;
But not with danger fraught.

This is the judge that ends the strife,
Where reason's efforts fail ;
Our guide to everlasting life,
Through all this gloomy vale.
Oh, may thy counsels, gracious Lord,
Our ruling law supply ;
Nor let us wander from the road
That leads to joys on high !

113.

PERU.

PRAISE, everlasting praise, be paid
To Him that earth's foundations laid ;
Praise to the God whose strong decrees
Sway the wide realms of earth and seas ! *Rep.*

Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
Who rules his people by his word ;
And there, as strong as his decrees,
He sets his kindest promises.

Oh, for a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what th' Almighty saith ;
To heed the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heav'n our own !

Oh, what shall we do
Our Saviour to praise,
So faithful and true,
So plenteous in grace.
So strong to deliver,
So good to redeem
The weakest believer
That hangs upon him ?

Lord ! happy the man
Whose heart is set free ;
The people that can
Be joyful in thee !
Their joy is to walk in
The light of thy face,
And still they are talking
Of Jesus's grace.

Their daily delight
Shall be in thy name ;
They shall as their own
Thy righteousness claim :
Thy righteousness wearing,
And cleansed by thy blood,
Bold shall they appear
In the presence of God !

For Jesus our Lord,
Is now our defence,
We trust in his word,
And are comforted thence.
If we have found favour,
He all things will do :
Our King and our Saviour,
Shall make us anew !

115.

MARTIN'S LANE.

ALMIGHTY Saviour, speed thy way ;
 Thy promised work of mercy crown !
 Already dawns the glorious day
 When the great vict'ry will be won—
 The earth prepares her King to own,
 And totters the Usurper's throne.

Shine forth in all thy glory, Lord ;
 The might of sin and death destroy ;
 Fulfil thy true and faithful word,
 And shed around millennial joy—
 Come speedily ; thy reign declare,
 And let us in its triumphs share !

Then shall contending nations rest ;
 Discord, and war, and strife shall cease ;
 Love shall prevail in ev'ry breast,
 And beam in universal peace—
 Loudly the ransomed host shall sing,
 "The Lord Omnipotent is King !"

116.

EVENING HYMN.

THE prayer that flows from hearts sincere
 Is pleasing to the Lord above ;
 While empty words offend his ear,
 And his almighty vengeance move.

To walk as children of the day—
 To mark the precept's holy light—
 To wage the warfare, watch and pray—
 Show who are pleasing in his sight.

Not words alone it cost the Lord
To purchase pardon for his own ;
Nor will a soul by grace restor'd
Return the Saviour words alone.

117.

MILES LANE.

WE praise thy name, redeeming Lord,
Great Source of truth and grace !
The mighty God, th' incarnate Word,
The (gracious) Prince of peace ! (*Rep.*)

Its claims against us Justice yields,
Nor will our souls release ;
But thine the plea to which it yields,
Thou matchless Prince of peace !

In vain for rest conviction yearns,
When fears of wrath increase,
Till faith thy precious Cross discerns,
And hails thee, Prince of peace !

Contentions now on earth abound ;
But soon all strife will cease,
For thou shalt come with glory crowned,
And reign here, Prince of peace !

118.

WARWICK.

LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice ;
The trumpet of the Gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

Ho ! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,

And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind.

Ho ! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die ;
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

Great God ! the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines ;
Deep as our helpless miseries are,
And boundless as our sins !

119.

ABINGDON.

Thou art the way—to thee alone
From sin and death we flee ;
And he, who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, in thee.

Thou art the truth—thy word alone
True wisdom can impart ;
Thou only canst instruct the mind,
And purify the heart.

Thou art the life—the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm ;
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

Thou art the way, the truth, the life—
Grant us to know that way,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Which lead to endless day !

120.

DARWELL.

THE night is now far spent,
And day comes on apace ;

The veil will soon be rent,
That hides the Saviour's face ;
The clouds that now obstruct our sight
Will all be quickly put to flight.

Ye saints, lift up your heads,
Salvation draweth nigh ;
See where the morning spreads
Its radiance through the sky ;
Oh, let the sight your spirits cheer ;
The Lord himself will soon appear !

Though men your hope deride,
Nor will themselves believe ;
Yet in His word confide,
Who never can deceive :
When heav'n and earth shall pass away,
The saints shall see a glorious day !

121.

ST. BRIDE'S.

ONCE more before our God,
His blessing we would ask ;
Oh, may not duty seem a load,
Nor worship prove a task !

Father, thy Spirit send,
From heaven, in Jesu's name,
To make our waiting minds attend,
Our souls anew to frame !

The young and old inspire
With wisdom from above ;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love !

122.

FALCON STREET.

SPIRIT of truth, come down ;
 Reveal the things of God ;
 And make to us the Saviour known :
 Apply his precious blood !

No man can truly say,
 That Jesus is the Lord,
 Unless thou take the veil away,
 And breathe the living word.

Then, shall we truly feel
 Our int'rest in his blood,
 And cry with joy unspeakable,
 Thou art my Lord ! my God !

Oh, that the world might know
 The sin-atoning Lamb !
 Spirit of life, descend and show
 The virtue of his name !

123.

ST. STEPHEN'S.

THE Saviour calls : let every ear
 Attend the heav'nly sound,
 Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear ;
 Hope smiles reviving round.

For every thirsty, longing heart,
 Here streams of bounty flow ;
 And life and health and bliss impart
 To banish mortal woe.

Ye sinners, come ; 'tis mercy's voice ;
 The gracious call obey :
 Mercy invites to heav'nly joys ;
 And can you yet delay ?

Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts ;
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die !

124.

MARTYRDOM.

LORD, like the publican, I stand,
And lift my heart to thee ;
Thy pard'ning grace, O God, command ;
Be merciful to me !

My guilt, my shame I all confess,
I have no hope nor plea
But Jesu's blood and righteousness ;
Be merciful to me !

The chief of sinners though I am,
And vile beyond degree,
To die for me Emmanuel came ;
Be merciful to me !

Here at his Cross I still would wait,
Nor from its shelter flee,
Till thou, O God, in mercy great,
Art merciful to me !

125.

HELEN.

O THOU from whom all goodness flows !
I lift my soul to thee ;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Think, gracious Lord, on me !
Thou who didst suffer, bleed, and die,
From guilt to set me free, .
Though now in glory throned on high,
Wilt still remember me !

When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, thy peace impart,
And think for good on me !
When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Oh, let my strength be as my day—
Jesus, remember me !

When in the solemn hour of death
I wait thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
O Lord, remember me !
And when before thy throne I stand,
And lift my soul to thee,
Then, with the saints, at thy right hand,
Do thou remember me !

126.

YORK.

ETERNAL God ! we look to thee ;
To thee for help we fly !
Thine eye alone our wants can see ;
Thy hand alone supply.

Lord, let thy fear within us dwell,
Thy love our footsteps guide !
That love will all vain love expel ;
That fear, all fear beside,

Not what we wish, but what we want,
Oh, let thy grace supply !
The good, unask'd, in mercy grant ;
The ill, though ask'd, deny !

127.

CHESTER.

YE that in these courts are found,
List'ning to the Gospel sound;
Lost and guilty as ye are;
Full of sorrow, sin, and care;
Glorify the King of kings;
Take the peace the Gospel brings!

Mourning souls, refrain your tears;
Trembling hearts, dismiss your fears:
See the guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.
Glorify the King of kings;
Take the peace the Gospel brings!

Welcome all by sin oppress,
Welcome all to Jesu's rest,
Who descended from above,
Prompted by redeeming love.
Glorify the King of kings;
Take the peace the Gospel brings!

128.

HARTS.

LIGHT of life, refining Fire,
Love divine, thyself impart!
Every fainting soul inspire;
Shine in every drooping heart!

Every mourning sinner cheer;
Scatter all our guilty gloom.
Son of God, appear! appear!
Bring thou all the erring home!

Come in this accepted hour ;
Bring thy heav'nly kingdom in ;
Fill us with thy glorious power,
And repress the love of sin !

Nothing more can we require,
We will covet nothing less ;
Be thou all our hearts' desire,
All our joy, and all our peace !

129.

WIMBORNE.

God, in the Gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known ;
Here love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

The pris'ner here may break his chains ;
The weary rest from all his pains ;
The captive feel his bondage cease ;
The mourner find the way of peace.

Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies ; [way
Here shines the light which guides our
From earth to realms of endless day.

Oh, grant us, grace, Almighty Lord,
To see thy light, to know thy word ;
Its truths with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live !

130.

VESPER.

HOLY Ghost, dispel our sadness,
 Pierce the cloud of nature's night;
 Come, thou Source of joy and gladness,
 Breathe thy life, and spread thy light!
 Oh, withdraw us *Resp.*
 From sin's darkness, death, and blight!

Hear our humble supplication,
 Blessed Spirit, God of grace!
 Rest upon this congregation,
 In the plenitude of peace!
 Let us never
 From our true allegiance cease!

Author of the new creation,
 Bid us all thine influence prove;
 Make our souls thy habitation,
 Shed abroad the Saviour's love!
 Heav'nly Teacher,
 Guide us to a home above!

131.

SABBATH NEW.

AND dost thou say, "Ask what thou wilt?
 Lord, we would seize the golden hour:
 We pray to be releas'd from guilt,
 And freed from sin and Satan's power!

More of thy presence, Lord, impart,
 More of thy image let us bear,
 Erect thy throne in ev'ry heart,
 And reign without a rival there!

Give us to read our pardon seal'd,
And from thy joy to draw our strength,
To have thy boundless love reveal'd,
In all its height, and breadth, and length !

Grant these requests, we ask no more,
But to thy care the rest resign :
Sick, or in health, or rich, or poor,
All shall be well if we are thine !

132.

ST. ANN'S.

ETERNAL God, to thee we bend,
To thee we lift our eyes ;
Oh, let our prayer and praise ascend
As odours to the skies !

Thy pard'ning voice we come to hear,
To know thee as thou art ;
Thy ministers can reach the ear,
But thou must touch the heart.

Oh, stamp us in thy heav'nly mould,
And grant thy word applied
May bring forth fruit a hundred-fold,
And speak us justified !

133.

VIENNA.

LORD of life, and grace, and glory,
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep !
Thou, the theme of Gospel story—
Thine, thy flock to guard and keep !
Freely was their ransom given,
In their place thy merit stood,
And to bring their souls to heaven,
Thou didst shed thy precious blood.

Thou hast giv'n them faithful token
That eternal life they have,
And thy word can ne'er be broken
Which is pledged that thou wilt save.
'Tis thy voice they own and cherish,
From all other they would flee;
Theirs the hope that cannot perish,
For thy sheep are known of thee.

So let us, thy mercy needing,
Hear thy voice, and seek thy grace,
And within thy pasture feeding,
Find amid thy flock a place!
If thou thus wilt help and bless us,
We shall reach the promised land,
And though Satan may distress us,
None shall pluck us from thy hand.

134.

ANGEL'S HYMN.

Off as the bell, with solemn toll,
Speaks the departure of a soul,
Let each one ask himself, "Am I
Prepar'd, should I be call'd to die?"

Only this frail and fleeting breath
Preserves me from the jaws of death;
Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone,
And plung'd into a world unknown!

Lord Jesus, help me now to flee,
And seek my hope alone in thee:
Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give,
Subdue my sin, and let me live!

Then, when the solemn bell I hear,
If sav'd from guilt, I need not fear ;
Nor would the thought distressing be,
"Perhaps it next may toll for me!"

135.

BELMONT.

THY way, O God, is in the sea,
Thy paths we cannot trace ;
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thine unbounded grace !

As through a glass, we dimly see
The wonders of thy love ;
How little do we know of thee,
Or of thy joys above !

'Tis but in part we know thy will ;
We bless thee for the sight !
When will thy love the rest reveal
In glory's clearer light ?

With rapture shall we then survey
Thy providence and grace ;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise !

136.

NEW CAMBRIDGE.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one. *Rep.*

"Worthy the Lamb, that died," they cry
"To be exalted thus ;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine :
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever thine !

Let all creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb !

137.

ST. JAMES'S.

LORD, when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore !

Our low estate, with pity, see ;
True penitence impart ;
Then let a kindling ray from thee
Beam hope upon the heart !

May faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies ;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still,
That grants it, or denies !

138.

WAREHAM.

"Poor and afflicted," Lord, are thine
Among the great they seldom shine ;
But, though the world may think it strange,
They would not with the world exchange.

"Poor and afflicted," — 'tis their lot ;
They know it, and they murmur not :
"Would ill become them to refuse
He state their Master deign'd to choose.

“Poor and afflicted ;”—yet they sing,
For Jesus is their glorious King :
Through suff’ring perfect, now he reigns,
And shares in all their griefs and pains.

“Poor and afflicted ;”—but ere long
They join the bright, celestial throng ;
Their suff’rings then will reach a close,
And heaven afford them sweet repose.

139.

EATON.

ETERNAL Father, all thy ways
Are wondrous, gracious, and divine !
But the fair glories of thy grace
More godlike and unrivall’d shine :
Who is a pard’ning God like thee ?
Or who has grace so rich and free ?

Such deep transgressions to forgive !
Such guilty, daring worms to spare !
This is thine own prerogative,
And in the honour none shall share :
Who is a pard’ning God like thee ?
Or who has grace so rich and free ?

Oh, may this vast, this matchless grace,
This mighty miracle of love,
Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
Whilst strains responsive sound above !
Who is a pard’ning God like thee ?
Or who has grace so rich and free ?

140.

ARABIA.

In vain our ardent fancy paints
 The moment after death,
 The glories that surround the saints, } *Rep.*
 When yielding up their breath.

Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,
 To trace them in their flight;
 No eye can pierce within the veil,
 Which hides the world of light.

Thus much (and this is all) we know,
 They are completely blest,
 Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
 And with their Saviour rest.

May we, O Lord, their portion share,
 In yon bright world above,
 And whilst we toil and linger here,
 May we as faithful prove!

141.

BEDFORD.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear!
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary, rest.

Dear name! the rock on which we build!
 Our shield and hiding-place!
 Our never failing treas'ry filled
 With boundless stores of grace!

142.

ROUSSEAU.

Time is earnest, fleeting past,
 Ev'ry pulse may be the last;
 Death is earnest, drawing nigh,
 Hast'ning on the final sigh—
 Sinner, wilt thou trifling be?
 Time and death appeal to thee!

God is earnest; kneel and pray,
 Ere hope's season pass away;
 Ere he set his judgment throne;
 Ere the day of grace be gone—
 Soon as justice shuts the door,
 Mercy's plea is heard no more.

Christ is earnest, and to save,
 Priceless ransom freely gave;
 His the blood that purchased peace,
 His the call of yearning grace—
 Wilt thou spurn thy Saviour's love,
 Pleading with thee from above?

Oh, be earnest, do not stay;
 Thou mayest perish e'en to-day.
 Ev'ry motive bids thee haste,
 Nor a moment further waste—
 Rise, thou lost one, rise and flee;
 Lo! the Saviour waits for thee.

143.

SAVOY.

How sweet to leave the world awhile,
 And seek the presence of our Lord!
 Dear Saviour, on thy people smile,
 And come according to thy word!

From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee.
Ah, Lord! behold us at thy feet;
Let this "the gate of heaven" be!

Chief of ten thousand! now appear,
That we by faith may see thy face:
Oh, speak, that we thy voice may hear,
And let thy presence fill this place!

144.

IRISH.

COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known,
The Sov'reign of your hearts proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

Infinite power and boundless grace
In him unite their rays;
You that have e'er beheld his face,
Can *you* forbear his praise?

While in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

O happy period! glorious day!
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, the raptur'd lay,
To celebrate thy praise.

145.

MOUNT EPHRAIM.

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!
Wake ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue
To praise the Saviour's name!

Ye pilgrims on the road
To Sion's city, sing !
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,
In Christ, th' eternal King !

Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come !"
Soon will he call us hence away,
To our eternal home.

There shall our raptur'd tongue
His endless praise proclaim ;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

146.

PALESTINE.

THOU boundless Source of ev'ry good,
Our best desires fulfil ;
And help us to adore thy grace,
And mark thy sov'reign will !
In all thy mercies may our souls
Thy bounteous goodness see ;
Nor let the gifts thy grace imparts
Estrange our hearts from thee !

Teach us, in time of deep distress,
To own thy hand, O God !
And in submissive silence learn
The lessons of thy rod !
In ev'ry changing scene of life,
Whate'er that scene may be,
Give us a meek and humble mind—
A mind at peace with thee !

Do thou direct our steps aright;
Help us thy name to fear;
And give us grace to watch and pray,
And strength to persevere!
Then may we close our eyes in death,
Free from distracting care;
For death is life, and labour rest,
If thou art with us there.

147.

NEW LONDON.

ALMIGHTY God, thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night,
And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight.

There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ,
Against the judgment day.

And must the sins that we have done
Be read and publish'd there,
Be all expos'd before the sun,
While men and angels hear?

Lord, at thy foot ashamed we lie;
Upward we dare not look:
Pardon our sins before we die,
And blot them from thy book!

148.

ST. DAVID'S.

PRAYER is the breath of God in man,
Returning whence it came;
Love is the sacred fire within,
And prayer the rising flame.

'Tis faith that bears the glowing plea,
To God's eternal throne,
And urges claims within the veil
That He is prompt to own.

The humble sinner cannot fail
To have his wants supplied,
Since He for sinners intercedes,
Who once for sinners died.

149.

CALVARY.

Come, ye souls by sin afflicted,
Bow'd with fruitless sorrow down,
By the broken law convicted,
By the tempter's snares undone :
Look to Jesus ; . *Rep.*
Mercy flows thro' Him alone.

Take his easy yoke and wear it,
Love will make obedience sweet ;
Christ will give you grace to bear it,
While his wisdom guides your feet
Safe to glory,
Where his ransom'd captives meet.

Sweet as home to pilgrims weary,
Light to newly open'd eyes,
Flowing springs in deserts dreary,
Is the rest the Cross supplies :
All who taste it
Shall to rest immortal rise.

150.

DURHAM.

JESUS, refuge of my soul,
Let me to thy shelter fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high !

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee :
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me !

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin ;
Let the healing streams abound,
Wash, O Lord, and make me clean !

Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee !
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity !

151.

ST. PAUL'S.

WHEN the overwhelming waters
Once a world of sinners drown'd,
Eight of Adam's sons and daughters
In the ark salvation found :
To the Antitype may we
Thus from wrath and peril flee ! *Rep.*

When the midnight angel number'd
Egypt's firstborn with the dead,
Israel's tribes unsmitten slumber'd
Where the paschal Lamb had bled ;
By the blood of sprinkling, we
Thus from vengeance are made free.

When, while quick and dead assemble,
Flames this universe destroy,
Though the wicked quake and tremble,
Saints shall lift their heads with joy;
Rais'd to life, like them may we
With the Lord for ever be!

152.

ISLINGTON.

Lo! near the throne, at God's right hand,
The saints in countless myriads stand:
Of every tongue redeem'd to God,
Array'd in garments wash'd in blood.

Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, despised the shame;
From all their labours now they rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.

They see their Saviour face to face,
And sing the triumphs of his grace;
Him day and night they ceaseless praise;
To him their loud hosannas raise.

153.

DEVIZES.

FATHER of mercies, in thy word,
What endless glory shines!
Be ever thy great name adored,
For all the wisdom stored
In these celestial lines!

Here springs of consolation rise,
To cheer the fainting mind;
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
Which make them truly wise,
Whilst they refreshment find.

Oh, may these heav'nly pages be
Our comfort and delight !
And in them daily, taught of thee,
May we new beauties see,
With an increasing light !

Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near ;
Teach us to love thy sacred word,
And thy true light afford
To view a Saviour there !

154.

OXFORD.

WHEN most we need his helping hand,
The Lord is always near ;
With heaven and earth at his command,
He waits to answer prayer.

His love no bound nor measure knows,
Time cannot turn its course ;
Unchangeably the same, it flows
From one eternal Source.

Lord, we approach in all our need,
And on thy word depend—
Our souls with hidden manna feed,
And living water send !

155.

ST. GEORGE'S.

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of our God shall still
Our hearts and tongues employ. *Rep.*

Of his deliv'rance we will boast,
Till all that are distressed,
From our example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

Oh! magnify the Lord with us,
With us exalt his name!
When in distress to him we call'd,
He to our rescue came.

Oh! make but trial of his love!
Experience will decide
How bless'd they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

156.

HELMSLEY.

SAVIOUR! come, thy saints are waiting,
Waiting for the nuptial day,
Thence their promis'd glory dating;
Come, and bear thy saints away.
Come, Lord Jesus! *Rep.*
Thus thy waiting people pray.

Base the wish, and vain th' endeavour,
While on earth to find our rest;
Till we see thy face, we never
Shall, or can, be fully blest;
In thy presence
Nothing shall our peace molest.

Lord, we wait for thine appearing;
"Tarry not," thy people say:
Bright the prospect is, and cheering,
Of beholding thee that day;
When all sorrow
Shall for ever pass away!

157.

CARLISLE.

Nor all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

But Thou, O heav'nly Lamb !
Art better far than they,
For thou the saving right can'st claim
To take our sins away.

Our faith would lay her hand,
On that dear head of thine,
While like true penitents we stand,
And thus confess our sin.

Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove ;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing redeeming love !

158.

TRURO.

THE countless multitude on high,
Who tune their songs to Jesu's name,
All merit of their own deny,
And Jesu's worth alone proclaim.

Firm on the ground of sov'reign grace,
They stand before Jehovah's throne ;
The only song in that blest place
Is—"Thou art worthy ; Thou alone !"

Let us with joy adopt the strain
We hope to sing for ever there ;
"Worthy's the Lamb for sinners slain,
Worthy alone the crown to wear !"

Without one thought that's good to plead,
Oh, what could shield us from despair ?
But this, though we are vile indeed,
The Lord our righteousness is there !

159.

SHIRLAND.

'Tis God, the Spirit, leads
In paths before unknown ;
The work to be perform'd is ours,
The strength is all his own.

Assisted by his grace,
We still pursue our way,
And hope at last to reach the prize,
Secure in endless day.

'Tis he that works to will,
'Tis he that works to do ;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too !

160.

ROCKINGHAM.

JESUS, the Prophet of thy Church !
Whose word with heavenly wisdom glows,
Unveil our hearts, direct our search,
To gain the knowledge it bestows !

Oh, let thy solemn call awake
Each soul to penitence and prayer ;
The chains of sin and sorrow break,
And write thy sacred precepts there !

Jesus, our Priest ! thy love reveal ;
Thy pardon to our souls convey ;
Their fears remove, their sickness heal,
And wash their deadly stains away !

Jesus, our King! to ev'ry soul
New life and energy impart; .
Cause us to bow to thy control,
And rear thy throne in ev'ry heart!

161

SHELDON.

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head!

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

162.

LUTHER.

SOLEMN thought! that man is mortal,
And the grave ends all below;
Solemn thought! it is the portal
To unchanging bliss or woe—
Yet sinners will not warning take;
They trifle with so much at stake,
And eternal life forego!

No grace is found beyond the grave—
Means and mercies are unknown,
And He who came the lost to save,
Then ascends the judgment throne !
When once the final lot is cast,
When once the day of grace is past,
Each must reap as he has sown !

Now, then, only is the season
The great work of faith to speed ;
To delay, is highest treason
'Gainst the soul's most urgent need.
To-day, the Saviour offers peace,
But on the morrow, life may cease,
And eternal death succeed !

163.

ST. OLAVE.

“ WE'VE no abiding city here ! ”
This may distress the worldling's mind,
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

“ We've no abiding city here ! ”
Then let us live as pilgrims do ;
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below !

“ We've no abiding city here ! ”
We seek a city out of sight ;
Sion its name, the Lord is there,
It shines with everlasting light.

O sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest,
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd fly to thee, and be at rest !

164.

SICILIAN.

SAVIOUR, breathe an ev'ning blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal ;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom !

Source and Spring of our salvation,
Let us now thy comforts share !
Bless this waiting congregation,
And make known thy presence here !

165.

CAREY.

THY presence, gracious Lord, afford ;
Now let thy voice engage our ear ;
Prepare us to receive thy word,
And gather profit while we hear :
Let truth alone accepted be,
And cause the truth to make us free !

Distracting thoughts and cares remove ;
With food divine may we be fed ;
Rain down thy manna from above,
And give our souls the living bread :
Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
And crown thy Gospel with success !

Father, in us thy Son reveal ;
Thy saving power in us display ;
Teach us to know and do thy will,
And guide us to the realms of day !
Thus shall we seek, with faithful care,
To put in practice what we hear.

166.

WINCHESTER NEW.

Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injur'd Father's face;
Those new desires that in thee burn,
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

Return, O wanderer, return,
God hears thy deep, repentant sigh;
He sees thy broken spirit mourn,
When no intruding ear is nigh.

Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to his feet, and joyful learn,
How freely Jesus can forgive.

Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away thy falling tear;
'Tis God who says, "no longer mourn,"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

167.

GERMAN.

LET us now our wants declare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid us pray,
Therefore will not say us nay.

We are coming to a King,
Large petitions we should bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

Saviour, let us feel the need
For which now we come to plead;
And let faith its trust maintain,
That we shall not plead in vain!

168.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

Nothing know we of the season,
 When the world shall pass away ;
 But we know the saints have reason
 To expect a glorious day ;
 When the Saviour shall return,
 And his people cease to mourn. *Rep.*

Oh, what sacred joys await them !
 They shall see the Saviour then ;
 Those who now oppose and hate them,
 Never shall oppose again !
 Brethren, let us think of this,
 All is ours if we are his.

Waiting for our Lord's returning,
 Be it ours his word to keep ;
 Let our lamps be always burning ;
 Let us watch while others sleep :
 We're no longer of the night ;
 We are children of the light !

169.

ELWYN.

My God and Father, while I stray ;
 Far from my home, on life's rough way,
 Oh, teach me from the heart to say,
 "Thy will be done!" *Rep.*

If thou shouldst call me to resign
 What most I prize, it ne'er was mine ;
 I only yield thee what was thine ;
 "Thy will be done!"

Renew my will from day to day,
 Blend it with thine, and take away

All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!"

Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer, oft mix'd with tears before,
I'll sing, upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done!"

170.

LYDIA.

THE words of life, in saving tide,
From thee, Redeemer, flow,
And if we would not wrath abide,
To whom, Lord, shall we go? *Rep.*

The words of life salvation teach
From sin, and death, and woe,
And all who know them urge and preach
That we to thee should go.

The words of life, in living light,
With thy true witness glow,
And paint for us a future bright,
If we to thee will go.

Lord, we obey thy high behest;
To thee we humbly turn,
And on this pledge securely rest—
Our suit thou wilt not spurn.

171.

ALL SAINTS.

CHRIST shed his precious blood,
For sinners to atone;
And, reconciled thereby to God,
We are no more our own.

If he his will reveal,
Let us obey the call;

Assur'd, whate'er the flesh may feel,
His love deserves our all !

Then, let us keep in view
His glory, as our end ;
Too much we cannot bear, or do,
For such a gracious Friend !

With Jesus for our guide,
The path is safe, though rough ;
The Promise says, " I will provide,"
And Faith replies, " Enough !"

172.

ABRIDGE.

ETERNAL Spirit, by whose power
Are burst the bands of death,
Be this for us a favour'd hour :
Oh, give us living faith !

'Tis thine to bring God's sacred word,
And write it on our heart—
There its reviving truths record,
And there its peace impart !

Almighty Spirit, visit thus
Our hearts, and guide our ways ;
Pour down thy quick'ning grace on us,
And tune our lips to praise !

173.

PORTUGAL NEW.

AWAKE, ye sleeping souls, awake,
And hear what God, the Lord, doth speak ;
His word is faithful, firm and true ;
He speaks, ye careless ones, to you,
And bids you solemn warning take !

Short is the space, and death must come,
And, after death, the day of doom ;
When, fixed in their eternal state,
Could men repent, 't would be too late,
And hope will set in endless gloom !

'Tis now alone the word of grace
Proclaims remission and release—
'Tis now alone the Gospel call
Declares salvation free to all
Who seek in Christ for life and peace.

174.

REUBEN.

To-morrow, Lord, is thine,
Lodg'd in thy sov'reign hand ; *Rep.*
And if its sun arise and shine, *Rep.*
It shines by thy command.

The present moment flies,
And bears our life away :
Oh, make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day !

Since on this fleeting hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken, by thine almighty power,
The aged and the young !

Oh, let the word of truth
Spread an alarm abroad ;
And cry in every careless ear,
" Prepare to meet thy God ! "

175.

COMFORT.

THROUGH the love of God our Saviour,
 All will be well ;
 Free and changeless is his favour—
 All, all is well.
 Priceless is the blood that heal'd us,
 Perfect is the grace that seal'd us,
 Strong the hand stretch'd out to shield us :
 All must be well !

Though we pass through tribulation,
 All will be well ;
 Ours is such a full salvation—
 All, all is well :
 Happy, while in God confiding,
 Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
 Holy, through the Spirit's guiding—
 All must be well !

We expect a bright to-morrow,
 All will be well ;
 Faith can sing through days of sorrow—
 All, all is well :
 On our Father's love relying,
 Jesus every need supplying,
 Both in living—and in dying—
 All must be well !

176.

ST. MARY'S.

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
 Where Jesus answers prayer ;
 Lie waiting at his gracious feet,
 For none can perish there.

Thy promise, Saviour, is my plea,
With this I venture nigh ;
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely prest,
Fightings without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

177.

ST. MATTHEW.

FATHER, to thee our souls we lift,
On thee our hope depends,
Convinc'd that every perfect gift
From thee alone descends.
Mercy and grace are thine alone,
And pow'r and wisdom too ;
Without the Spirit of thy Son,
We nothing good can do !

We cannot speak one gracious word,
One holy thought conceive,
Unless thyself the grace afford,
And we the grace receive.
To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live—
A beam of heav'n, a vital ray,
'Tis thine alone to give !

From thee, through Jesus, we receive
The pow'r on thee to call ;
In thee, our God, we move and live :
Thou art our All in all !

Oh, shine then, in these hearts of ours,
And give them life divine!
Let all our passions and our pow'rs,
Almighty Lord, be thine!

178.

PERU.

God of salvation! we adore
Thy saving love, thy saving power
And, to our utmost stretch of thought,
Hail the redemption thou hast wrought!
[*Rep.*

Perish each thought of human pride,
Let God alone be magnified;
His glory let the heaven's resound,
Echoed from earth's remotest bound!

Saints, who his full salvation know,
Saints, who but taste it here below,
Join every angel's voice to raise
Continued, never-ending praise!

179.

HANOVER.

Though troubles assail,
And dangers affright;
Though friends should all fail,
And foes all unite;
Yet one thing secures us,
Whatever betide,
The Scripture assures us
The Lord will provide.

No strength of our own,
Nor goodness we claim ;
Yet, if we have known
The Saviour's great name,
In Him, our strong tower,
We safely may hide ;
The Lord is our power—
The Lord will provide.

When fled is our youth,
And death is in sight,
The word of his truth
Shall still be our light ;
Though tempests may lour,
With Christ on our side,
In death's darkest hour
The Lord shall provide.

The foe says we're weak,
Our hope is in vain,
The good that we seek
We ne'er shall obtain ;
But when such suggestions
Our spirits have plied,
This answers all questions—
"The Lord will provide."

180.

MARTIN'S LANE.

Now to the power of God supreme,
Be everlasting honours given ;
He saves from hell—we bless his name !
He calls our wandering feet to heaven.
Oh, may our souls, adoring, own
The grace that calls us to his throne !

Not for our duties nor deserts,
 But of his own abounding grace,
 He works salvation in our hearts,
 And forms a people for his praise.
 Through Christ, the Holy One can bless ;
 He is " the Lord, our righteousness ! "

'Twas God's own love that brightly shone
 In saving sinners doomed to die ;
 He gave us grace in Christ, his Son,
 Before he spread the starry sky ;
 And now he makes his counsels known,
 And brings eternal blessings down.

181.

EVENING HYMN.

SWEET is the solemn voice that calls
 The Christian to the house of prayer ;
 'Tis well to stand within its walls,
 For thou, O Lord, art present there !

'Tis sweet to raise the common song,
 To join in holy praise and love ;
 And imitate the blessed throng
 That mingle hearts and songs above.

Within these walls may peace abound,
 May all our hearts in one agree ;
 Where brethren meet, where Christ is found,
 May peace and concord ever be !

182.

MILES LANE.

JESUS, who once on earth didst prove
 Man's cruel hate and scorn,
 Art now in glory crowned above,
 Re(splendent) on thy throne ! (Rep.)

From sin thy people are not freed,
And humbly to it own;
But, still, they can thy merit plead,
And trust thee on thy throne!

Thou camest first, midst human strife,
On death and sorrow thrown;
But we confess thee Lord of life,
And hail thee on thy throne!

And soon thou wilt again appear,
In light and glory known,
When they who loved and served thee here,
Shall claim thee on thy throne!

183.

WARWICK.

JESUS, our Saviour and our Lord:
To thee we lift our eyes;
Teach and instruct us by thy word,
And make us truly wise!

Make us to know and understand
Thy whole revealed will;
Fain would we learn to comprehend
Thy love more clearly still.

Oh, may thy word our thoughts engage
In each perplexing case!
Help us to feed on ev'ry page,
And grow in every grace!

Oh, let it purify each heart,
And guide us all our days!
Thy wonders, Lord, to us impart,
And thou shalt have the praise!

184.

ABINGDON.

OH! for a faith that will not shrink
Though press'd by many a foe;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of poverty or woe!

That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod;
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Can lean upon its God!

A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That, when in danger, knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt!

A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last spark is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up a dying bed!

185.

DARWELL.

REJOICE, the Lord is King;
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore!
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice:
Rejoice; he bids his saints rejoice!

Jesus, the Saviour reigns,
In all his grace and love;
When he had purged our stains,
He went to plead above.
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice:
Rejoice; he bids his saints rejoice!

His kingdom cannot fail ;
He rules o'er earth and heaven ;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Saviour given.
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice :
Rejoice ; he bids his saints rejoice !

186.

ST. BRIDES.

O LORD, our wants relieve,
In this our evil day ;
To all thy waiting servants give
The power to trust and pray !

Thy Holy Spirit's grace
Cause us in faith to claim ;
To wrestle till we see thy face,
And know thy hidden name !

Till thou thy love impart,
Till thou thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart—
"I will not let thee go !"

187.

FALCON STREET.

Now is the accepted time ;
Now is the day of grace ;
Now, sinners, come, without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face !

Now is the accepted time ;
The Saviour calls to-day ;
To-morrow, it may be too late,
Then why should you delay ?

Now is the accepted time ;
The Gospel bids you come ;
And every promise in his word
Declares—there yet is room.

Lord, draw reluctant hearts
To seek the Saviour's love,
Then shall attendant angels bear
The joyful news above !

188.

ST. STEPHEN'S.

Thy ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery !

Thou waitest to be gracious still :
Thou dost with sinners bear ;
That, saved, we may thy goodness feel,
And all thy grace declare !

Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are,
A rock that cannot move :
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love !

Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure ;
And while the truth of God remains,
His goodness must endure !

189.

MARTYRDOM.

Our times of sorrows and of joys,
Great God ! are in thy hand ;
From thee our sweetest comforts rise,
And go at thy command.

If not a remnant thou shouldst spare,
Yet would we not repine ;
Before thou lentest them, they were,
O Lord, entirely thine.

Nor would we ever love thee less,
Though all the world were gone ;
But seek enduring happiness
In thee, our God, alone !

Here perfect bliss we ne'er enjoy,
The honey's mix'd with gall ;
But, while our earthly comforts die,
Be thou our All in all !

190.

HELEN.

SEE ! what compassion, zeal, and love
Filled the Redeemer's breast,
When, speeding to Jerusalem,
His urgent way he pressed.
Goodwill to man, and zeal for God,
His every thought engross :
He longs to be baptized with blood ;
He thirsts to reach the Cross !

With all his sufferings full in view,
And woes to us unknown,
Forth to the work his spirit flew—
'Twas love that urged him on !
By his obedience unto death,
See harmony restored ;
And fallen man brought face to face
With his forgiving Lord !

Prepare us, Lord, to view thy Cross,
Who all our griefs hast borne,
To look on thee, whom we have pierced ;
To look on thee, and mourn !
While thus we mourn, may we rejoice,
And as thy Cross we see,
May each exclaim, in faith and hope,
“ The Saviour died for me ! ”

191.

YORK.

O LORD ! 'tis joy to look above,
And see thee on thy throne ;
To search the heights and depths of love,
Which thou to us hast shown !

To look beyond the long dark night,
And hail the coming day,
When thou, to all thy saints in light,
Thy glories wilt display !

'Tis sweet to hope, and thus to pray ;
To trust thy precious blood,
And to the wearied heart to say—
“ Behold the Lamb of God ! ”

192.

CHESTER.

WELCOME, sinner ! joyful, hear ;
Hang not back through shame or fear.
Doubt not, nor distrust the call :
Mercy is proclaimed to all.
Burst thy bonds : be safe ; be free.
Rise and come ; He calleth thee.

All ye weary and distressed,
Welcome to relief and rest ;
Though ye are by sin defiled,
God in Christ is reconciled :
All is ready ; hear the call,
There is ample room for all.

None can come that shall not find,
Mercy called whom grace inclined ;
Nor shall any willing heart
Hear the bitter word, Depart !
Come, ye bought, but not with gold,
Welcome to the sacred fold !

193.

HARTS.

DAY by day the manna fell ;
Oh ! to learn this lesson well !
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give us, Lord, our daily bread !

Day by day, the promise reads :
Daily strength for daily needs :
Cast foreboding fears away ;
Take the manna of to-day.

Fond ambition whisper not !
Happy is our humble lot !
Anxious, busy cares away !
We're provided for to-day.

Oh ! to live exempt from care,
By the energy of prayer ;
Strong in faith, with mind subdued,
Yet elate with gratitude !

194.

WIMBORNE.

BEHOLD, a Stranger at the door ;
He gently knocks, has knocked before ;
Has waited long ; is waiting still :
You use no other friend so ill !

But will he prove a friend indeed ?
He will, the very friend you need :
The Friend of sinners, yes, 'tis he,
With garments dyed at Calvary.

Admit him, ere his anger burn,
Lest he depart and ne'er return :
Admit him, or the hour's at hand
When at *his* door, denied you'll stand.

Admit him, for the human breast
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest :
No mortal tongue *their* joys can tell,
With whom he condescends to dwell !

195.

VESPER.

HARK, the voice of love proclaiming
Mercy through a Saviour's blood !
Vain the schemes of human framing ;
This alone is own'd of God.
'Tis the Gospel *Rep.*
Points to heaven and shows the road !

Lord, to thee, through Christ, appealing,
We would now thy blessing share !
To our souls thy message sealing,
Speak, and let thy servants hear—
Hear with meekness,
Hear thy word with godly fear !

May the grace that brings salvation,
Still exerted in that word,
By its quick'ning operation,
Life impart, and joy afford!
Life to sinners—
Joy to those who know the Lord!

196.

HELMSLEY.

Lo! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favor'd sinners slain,
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumphs of his train:
Hallelujah! *Rep.*
Jesus shall for ever reign!

Ev'ry eye shall then behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierc'd, and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

Then redemption, long expected,
In its splendour shall appear!
All his saints, by man rejected,
Then shall meet him in the air;
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

Yea, amen; let all adore thee,
High on thy eternal throne:
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdom for thine own.
Oh! come quickly;
Hallelujah! Come, Lord, come!

197.

MILES LANE.

WHENCE those unusual bursts of joy,
Whose sound through heaven rings?
They welcome Jesus to the sky,
And (crown him)—King of kings! (*Rep.*)

Look up, ye saints, and, while ye gaze,
Forget all earthly things:
Unite to sing the Saviour's praise,
And crown him—King of Kings!

While here, he bore our sin and shame,
From this our comfort springs;
'Tis meet we should exalt his name,
And crown him—King of kings!

We hope, ere long, beyond those clouds
To strike celestial strings,
And join with heaven's exulting crowds
To crown him—King of kings!

198.

BELMONT.

LORD, when our off'rings we present
Before thy gracious throne,
We but return what thou hast lent,
And give thee of thy own.

Ourselves, our all, to thee we owe,
To thee, for ever kind!
And, while we of thy gifts bestow,
Give thou the willing mind!

The power and willingness to give
Alike proceed from thee;
Debtors we are, and, while we live,
Debtors shall ever be.

O Lord, our contributions bless,
For their appointed end,
And crown with happiest success
The cause that we befriend !

199.

ST. STEPHEN'S.

FATHER of mercies, send thy grace,
All powerful from above.
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love !

Oh ! may our sympathising breasts
That gen'rous pleasure know,
Freely to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe !

Whene'er the helpless sons of grief,
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts, their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid !

So Jesus look'd on dying men,
Enthron'd above the skies ;
And, when he saw their lost estate,
Felt his compassion rise.

200.

ST. GEORGE'S.

HARK, the glad sound ! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promis'd long :
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And ev'ry voice a song ! *Rep.*

He comes the pris'ners to release
In Satan's bondage held ;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield !

He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye long clos'd in night
To pour celestial day !

Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace !
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heaven's mighty vault shall ring
With thy beloved name !

201.

ABINGDON.

THE earth, that long in darkness pined,
Hath seen a glorious light ;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's deep shadowing night !

To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given,
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heav'n !

His name shall be the mighty God,
The Prince of Peace, adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The everlasting Lord !

His pow'r increasing still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know ;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below !

202.

SHELDON.

HIGH let us swell our joyful notes,
And join th' angelic throng !
The angels no such love have known
As we, to wake their song.

Good-will to sinful men is shown,
And peace on earth is given ;
For lo ! th' incarnate Saviour comes
With messages from heaven.

Glory to God in highest strains
By highest worlds is paid ;
Be glory then by us proclaim'd,
And by our lives display'd !

When shall we reach those blissful realms,
Where Christ exalted reigns,
And learn of the celestial choir
Their own immortal strains ?

203.

MOUNT EPHRAIM.

“THE Lord is ris'n indeed !”
Then Justice asks no more ;
Mercy and Truth are now agreed,
Which stood oppos'd before.

“The Lord is ris'n indeed !”
And great the work perform'd !
The captive Surety now is freed,
And death, our foe, disarm'd.

“The Lord is ris'n indeed !”
He lives—to die no more ;
He lives—his people's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.

“The Lord is ris'n indeed !”
And death has lost its prey ;
And with him all the ransom'd seed
Shall reign in endless day !

204.

EASTER HYMN.

CHRIST, the Lord, is ris'n to-day — Hal! *Rep.*
 Our triumphant holy day :
 He endur'd the Cross and grave,
 Sinners to redeem and save.

Lo ! he rises, mighty King ;
 Where, O death ! is now thy sting ?
 Lo ! he claims his native sky ;
 Grave, where is thy victory ?

Sinners, see your ransom paid,
 Peace with God for ever made :
 With your risen Saviour rise ;
 Claim with him the purchas'd skies !

Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to-day,
 Our triumphant holy day :
 Loud the song of vict'ry raise :
 Shout the great Redeemer's praise !

205.

ROUSSEAU.

“ EARTH to earth, and dust to dust ! ”
 Lord, we own the sentence just :
 Head and tongue, and hand and heart,
 All in guilt have borne their part ;
 Righteous is the common doom,
 All must moulder in the tomb !

Like the seed in spring-time sown,
 Like the leaves in autumn strown,
 Low these goodly frames must lie,
 All our pomp and glory die !
 Soon the spoiler seeks his prey,
 Soon he bears us all away !

Yet the seed, upraised again,
Clothes with green the smiling plain :
Onward as the seasons move,
Leaves and blossoms deck the grove ;
And shall *we* forgotten lie,
Lost for ever when we die ?

Lord, from nature's gloomy night
Turn us to the Gospel's light ;
Thou didst triumph o'er the grave,
Thou wilt all thy people save ;
Ransomed by thy blood, the just
Rise immortal from the dust !

206.

CALVARY.

HARK ! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary !
See, it rends the rock asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky !
" It is finish'd ! " *Rep.*
Hear the dying Saviour cry !

Oh, what joy to helpless sinners
These triumphant words afford !
Heav'nly blessings without measure
Flow to us from Christ the Lord :
" It is finish'd ! "
Saints, the dying words record !

Finish'd, all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law !
Finish'd, all that God had promis'd ;
Full redemption without flaw :
" It is finish'd ! "
Saints, from hence your comfort draw !

Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs!
Join to sing the pleasing theme!
All in earth, and all in heav'n,
Join to praise Immanuel's name!
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

207.

ARABIA.

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head } *Rep.*
For such a worm as I?

Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his splendours in,
When Christ, the Lord of Glory, died,
A sacrifice for sin!

So be my boastings silenc'd too,
And humbled be my pride;
When faith holds out before my view
The Saviour crucified!

But neither tears nor zeal can pay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do!

208.

VIENNA.

PASCHAL Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid!
By Almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made!
All thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of thy blood!
Open'd is the gate of heav'n!
Peace is made 'twixt man and God!

Jesus hail ! enthron'd in glory,
Radiant in thy grace divine !
All the heav'nly hosts adore thee,
In the light where thou dost shine !
There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare,
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear !

Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art ;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every waiting heart !
Breathe, oh, breathe thy loving Spirit
Into ev'ry troubled breast ;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest !

209.

WAREHAM.

Oh, why should Israel's sons, once blest,
Still roam the scorning world around,
Disown'd of heav'n, by man oppress'd,
Outcasts from Sion's hallow'd ground ?

O God of Jacob, view their race !
Back to the fold the wand'ers bring ;
Teach them to seek thy slighted grace ;
To hail, in Christ, their promis'd King !

The veil of darkness rend in twain,
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light ;
The sever'd olive branch again
Firm to its parent stock unite !

Haste, glorious day, expected long,
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall raise,
With eager feet one temple throng,
One God with grateful rapture praise !

210.

PALESTINE.

JERUSALEM ! Jerusalem !
Once object of God's love ;
Thou favoured rest he chose on earth,
And type of that above !
Now brought to bondage with thy sons,
A curse and grief to see :
Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !
Our tears shall flow for thee.

Where once the praises of thy God,
From Zion's temple rose,
Thy children tremble at the rod,
And crouch beneath their foes ;
Thou sittest lonely on the ground,
No longer great nor free :
Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !
Our tears shall flow for thee.

Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !
Until thou turn again,
And seek with penitence of heart,
The Lamb thy sons have slain ;
Till to the Saviour of mankind,
Thou humbly bow the knee ;
Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !
Our tears shall flow for thee.

211.

HELMSLEY

ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo, the sacred Herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing—
Zion long in hostile lands!

Mourning captive! *Rep.*
God himself will loose thy bands!

Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful prov'd?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful?
By thy sighs and tears unmov'd?
Cease thy mourning!
Zion still is well belov'd!

God, thy God, will soon restore thee;
He himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliv'rance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send!

212.

CALVARY.

O'ER the realms of pagan darkness,
Let the eye of pity gaze;
See the kindreds of the people,
Lost in sin's bewild'ring maze:
Darkness brooding
On the face of all the earth!

Light of them that sit in darkness,
Rise and shine, thy blessings bring!
Light, to lighten all the Gentiles,
Rise with healing in thy wing!
To thy brightness
Let all kings and nations come!

May the heathen, now adoring
Idol-gods of wood and stone,
Come, and, worshipping before him,
Serve the living God alone !
Let thy glory
Fill the earth as floods the sea !

213.

DARWELL.

Rise gracious God, and shine,
In all thy saving might ;
And prosper each design
To spread thy glorious light !
Let healing streams of mercy flow,
That all the earth thy truth may know !

Oh ! bring the nations near,
That they may sing thy praise ;
Let all the people hear,
And learn thy holy ways :
Reign, mighty God, assert thy cause,
And govern by thy righteous laws !

Put forth thy glorious power,
The nations then will see ;
And earth present her store
In converts born of thee !
God, our own God, his church will bless,
And earth shall yield her full increase !

214.

BEDFORD.

Shall science distant lands explore,
And trade her wealth convey ?
Shall war be spread from shore to shore,
And sin extend its sway ?

And shall there not be christians found,
Who will for Christ appear,
To herald forth the Gospel sound
And preach redemption there ?

Shall Britain to remotest parts
Transmit her sins alone ?
And not engage her children's hearts
To make her Saviour known ?

Oh, may our zeal, so dull and dead,
Be kindled to a flame,
And burn, through ev'ry land to spread
The savour of his name !

215.

SHIRLAND.

Of all our earthly store,
No portion is our own ;
God is the great Proprietor,
And we are stewards alone.

Awake then, ye to whom
He doth so much afford,
Lest ye incur the sinner's doom
Who holds back from his Lord.

Ye know the joyful news ;
Hide not the blessed word :
Oh ! how can grateful souls refuse
To tell what they have heard ?

Ye know your Lord's command ;
Ye have that ye may give,
With ready heart and open hand,
That others, too, may live.

216.

MARTYRDOM.

ALMIGHTY God, before thy throne
 Thy mourning people bend ;
 'Tis on thy sov'reign grace alone
 Our humble hopes depend !
 Corrective judgments from thy hand
 Thy chast'ning power display ;
 Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
 And still we live to pray ;
 Oh ! turn us, turn us, mighty Lord ;
 By thine all-powerful grace !
 Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
 And humbly seek thy face.
 Should even greater ills invade,
 We shall not sink in fear ;
 Secure of never-failing aid,
 If God, our God, be near !

217.

PORTUGAL NEW.

WHILE through our guilty land, O Lord !
 Thy visitations are abroad ;
 Oh ! whither shall the helpless fly ?
 To whom but thee direct their cry ? *Rep.*
 The contrite sinner's cries and tears,
 O Lord ! have often reached thine ears ;
 Oft has thy mercy sent relief,
 When all was fear and hopeless grief.
 We plead thy grace, most gracious God !
 We plead thy Son's atoning blood !
 Thy precious promises we plead ;
 Oh, send us help in time of need !

These pleas presented at thy throne,
Have brought ten thousand blessings down
On guilty lands in hopeless woe;
Let them prevail to save us too!

218.

NEW LONDON.

FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons as they move
Proclaim thy constant care.

When in the bosom of the earth,
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

Thy varied mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain!

We own and bless thy gracious sway;
Thy hand all nature hails;
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter fails!

219

ST. AUGUSTINE.

GRACIOUS Lord of all creation!
O'er the whole thy bounties spread;
But to this most favoured nation
Thou hast special blessings sped:
England's mercies have revealed
That her God has been her shield!

Thou hast giv'n us recent token
That thy favour has not waned,
And thy word of might was spoken,
Which the latest boon ordained !
Comes this day with praises fraught,
For the good which thou hast wrought !

Lord, for this and ev'ry blessing,
Our united thanks we give ;
And, such grateful sense professing,
Let us to thy glory live !
Ne'er from mercy slack thy hand—
Still preserve our native land !

220.

HARTS.

BLESS, O Lord, the op'ning year,
To the souls assembled here ;
Clothe thy word with power divine ;
Make us willing to be thine !

Shepherd of thy blood-bought sheep,
Teach the hardened soul to weep ;
Let the blind have eyes to see,
See their sins and look to thee !

Where thou hast thy work begun,
Give new strength the race to run ;
Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears,
Wipe away the mourner's tears !

Now, by all whom thou hast spared,
Let thy grace be largely shared ;
And whilst mercy grants reprieve,
Let us to thy glory live !

221.

DEVIZES.

REMARK my soul, the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year ;
How swift the weeks complete their rounds
How short the months appear ! *Rep.*

So fast eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal hand has done,
God's judgment shall survey !

Waken, O God, my trifling heart,
Its great concern to see ;
Thy Spirit to my soul impart,
To give myself to thee !

So shall their course more fruitful roll,
If future years arise ;
Or this shall bear my happy soul
To joy that never dies !

222

DURHAM.

WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the closing year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here !

Fix'd in an eternal state,
They have done with all below ;
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know !

Thanks for mercies, Lord, receive ;
Pardon of our sins renew ;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live,
With eternity in view !

Bless thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above !

223.

YORK.

THE year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave ;
Swift as a river to the sea
We're passing to the grave !

Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As days and months increase ;
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.

Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on every breath ;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death !

Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road ;
And when our souls are summon'd hence,
May they be found with God !

224.

ABRIDGE.

ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will we do, our dying Lord,
We will remember thee !

Thy body, broken for our sake,
By faith, our bread shall be ;
Thy testamental cup we take,
And thus remember thee.

Can we Gethsemane forget ?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee ?

When to the Cross we turn our eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, our Sacrifice !
We *must* remember thee !

225.

CHESTER.

MEETING in the Saviour's name,
Breaking bread by his command,
To the world we thus proclaim,
On what ground we hope to stand,
When the Lord shall come with clouds,
Join'd by heav'n's exulting crowds.

From the Cross our hope we draw,
'Tis the sinner's blest resource ;
Jesus magnified the law ;

Jesus bore its awful curse—
What a glorious truth is this,
Oh, how full of joy and peace !

Sing we, then, of Him who died,
Sing of him who rose again ;
By his blood we're justified,
And with him we hope to reign :
Thus we wait to see our Lord,
And to share his bright reward !

226.

BELMONT.

IF human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie ;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh ;

Oh ! shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Thee, who didst our terrors quell,
By bearing all our woe ?

While yet thine anguish'd soul survey'd
Those pangs thou would'st not flee ;
What love thy latest words display'd,
" In this remember me ! "

Remember thee ! thy death, thy shame,
Endured our hearts to share !
O Jesus ! be thy holy name
Deeply engraven there !

227.

ROCKINGHAM.

Oft we, alas ! forget the love
Of Him who bought us with his blood ;
And now, as our High Priest above,
Stands our great Advocate with God.

Oft we forget the woe, the pain,
The bloody sweat, th' accursed tree,
The load his soul did once sustain,
From sin and death to set us free.

Oft we forget that, stangers here,
This world is not our rest nor home ;
That, waiting till our Lord appear, [come !"
Our hearts should cry, " Come, Saviour,

Here, in the broken bread and wine,
We hear him say, " Remember me !
" I gave my life to ransom thine ;
" I bore thy curse to set thee free ! "

228.

ST. DAVID'S.

LORD ! at thy table we behold
The wonders of thy grace ;
How great thy love, that even *we*
Should find a welcome place !

What strange, surprising grace is this,
That those once lost have room !
Jesus our weary souls invites,
And freely bids us come.

Here we survey that wondrous love
Which spoke in ev'ry breath,
Which crown'd each action of his life,
And triumph'd in his death.

Ye saints below, and saints above,
Join all your praising pow'rs ;
No theme is like redeeming love ;
No Saviour is like ours !

229.

WINCHESTER NEW.

FATHER of heaven ! whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hast found ;
Before thy throne we sinners bend,
To us thy pardoning love extend !

Saviour divine ! Incarnate Word !
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord !
Before thy throne we sinners bend,
To us thy saving grace extend !

Eternal Spirit ! by whose breath
The soul is rais'd from sin and death ;
Before thy throne we sinners bend,
To us thy quick'ning power extend !

Jehovah ! thou art God alone—
The great I AM, the Holy ONE !
Before thy throne we sinners bend,
Love, grace, and life, to us extend !

230.

ALL SAINTS.

LORD God, the Holy Ghost !
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power !

Like mighty, rushing wind,
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse ev'ry mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe !

The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above ;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray, and praise, and love !

Spirit of light, explore,
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre, shining more and more,
Unto the perfect day !

231.

CHESTER.

OFF in sorrow and in woe,
Onward, christians, onward go ;
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthen'd with the bread of life—
Weak you are, and frail indeed,
But the Saviour meets your need !

Let your drooping hearts be glad ;
March, in heav'nly armour clad :
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall vict'ry tune your song—
Yours the prize death can't assail ;
Yours the strength that must prevail !

Onward, then, in battle move,
More than conqu'rors ye shall prove ;
Grasp the banner of the faith ;
Hail it with your latest breath ;
Though oppos'd by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go !

232.

ST. JAMES'S.

HAPPY are they who know thy name,
And trust, O Lord, in thee !
Who can the rights of children claim,
And to thy shelter flee !

The saints of old, who sought thy face,
Drew forth from mercy's store ;
And, still, to all who ask for grace,
Thy promised help is sure !

May we thus urge believing prayer,
And, through a Saviour, plead ;
Assured, that if we thus draw near,
We shall be blessed indeed !

••• The foregoing hymn ought to have been inserted in the place of No. 7.



